

HYMNS AND SONGS

Julian Collection

IN PRAISE

OF

JESUS CHRIST.



The Lord Jehovah is my Strength and my Song.

ISA. XL. 3.

LEICESTER:

PRINTED BY ANN IRELAND

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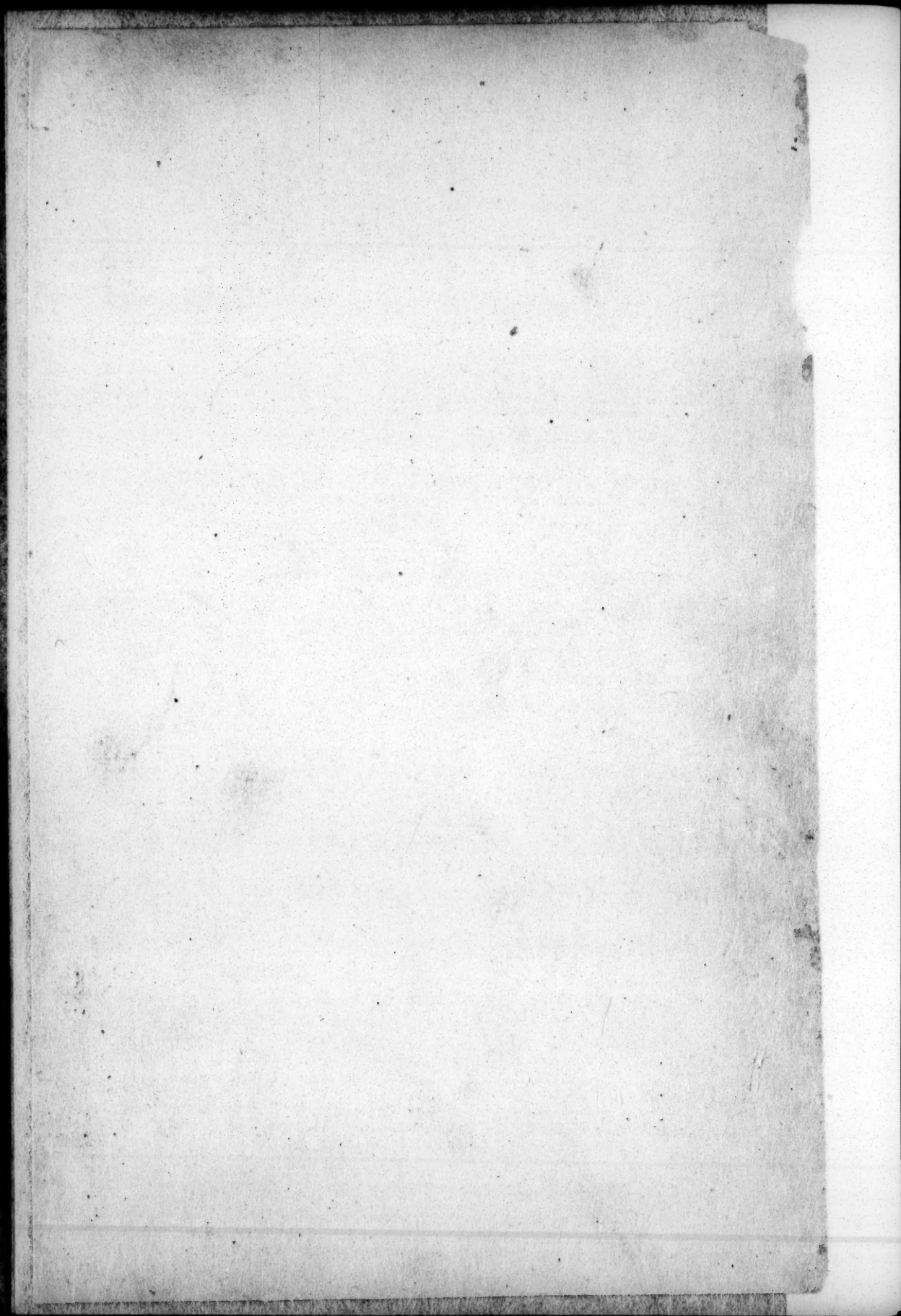
W. Hart
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W. Hart

For James Hart
for Hart







P R E F A C E.

DEAR FRIENDS,

WHEN the following Hymns were first composed, I had not the most distant Thought of their appearing in Public. I have always retained an Aversion against becoming an Author, till your earnest desire to have them in Print, joined with your general Approbation of the Matter contained in them; got the better of my Objections in this respect. I believe most of my Brother Ministers, as well as myself, have found that the Hymn-Books which are commonly used among us are deficient in number of long and common Measure Hymns, this Deficiency will I hope be made up by this Book, as many of my own composing, as well as those I have collected from other Authors are of those Lengths. I have as much as pos-

sible stuck close to the Language of the Scriptures in my composition, and hope you will find the Hymns of an Instructing as well as pleasing Tendency : laying the Sinner low in his own Eyes, and holding forth the glorious Saviour in all the exalted Characters of his matchless Excellencies. This being the chief Object I had in view, I have strictly adhered to it, and hope it will prove to your Comfort, and our Saviour's Glory.---The Hymns which are collected are chiefly such as were particularly desired ; and a few of my own composing which have already appeared in Print, thro' my letting the Manuscript go out of my Hands. As I wish as much as possible to avoid every thing that may give Offence, I have judged proper to put such of my own Hymns as have appeared in public, in the Collection ; but I have taken the Liberty to put them in their own Dress. I have also taken the Liberty of altering some of the expressions in those I have collected, where it could be done with Truth and Propriety ; But I find I have let some few lines slip my Attention, that I could wish my Friends would be so kind as to alter, two

P R E F A C E. v

of which, I shall point out, *Hymn 22, Page 116*, the two first lines of the 4th. Verse,

Thy Passion did appease,
The Wrath of hostile Heav'n.

The Subject of the Hymn will not be injured by omitting the whole Verse, as the above lines are contrary to the Character of Jehovah, as exhibited in Divine Testimony.

As I do not wish to trouble you with a long Preface, I commit this little Book into your Hands, accompanied with my Prayer for Zion's Peace, Comfort and Prosperity ;

and subscribe myself,

Your Servant,

In the Gospel of Christ,

EDWARD PYKE.

sur

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God of unexampled Love
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I'll praise my dear Lamb, who bled on the Tree
In grateful hymns of Praise we'll sing
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I sing my lovely Sharon's Rose
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In Hymns of praise we sing

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Jesus how charming is thy Name
Jehovah was the only Hope
Jesus thy dying Love so free
Jesus the Shepherd of the Sheep
Jesus with all thy choirs above
Jesus is my only Hope
Jehovah speaks, Mortals give ear
Jesus Christ is our Salvation
Jehovah Jesus great I AM
Jesus unchangable and True
Jesus thou Sov'reign Source of Love
Jesus I love thy charming Name

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The young man of the name of John
I believe, in the morning
that was a friend of the
from the South and was
that was the first time
I met him, and he was
the first time I met
him, and he was the first
time I met him, and he was
the first time I met him, and he was

When I was in the
the first time I met him, and he was
the first time I met him, and he was
the first time I met him, and he was
the first time I met him, and he was
the first time I met him, and he was
the first time I met him, and he was

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To be in the first time I met him, and he was
the first time I met him, and he was
the first time I met him, and he was
the first time I met him, and he was
the first time I met him, and he was
the first time I met him, and he was



Hymns, and Songs.

I.

- 1 COME all ye Children of the Lord,
That are begotten by his *Word*,
Lift up your Voices to his praise,
And sing his Love in heav'nly lays.
- 2 The Elders that stand round the Throne,
Sing *worthy is the Lamb* alone,
To take the Book, and loose each Seal,
And heav'n's great Love to Man reveal.
- 3 *He worthy is*, they loudly cry'd;
Worthy is He, the Church reply'd;
Thus Harps and Voices sweetly sound,
And Praise through all the Heav'ns resound.
- 4 This dying *Lamb* shall be our Theme,
Worthy is He who did redeem
Our Souls by his atoning Blood,
And made us Kings and Priests to God.
- 5 We'll sing the *Lamb* for us was slain,
His blood redeemed us from Pain:
He Worthy is, we'll sing and say,
For he has took our Sins away.

- 6 Salvation, O the joyful song !
 Sound from each Kindred and Tongue ;
 All Nations and each People sing,
Worthy's the Lamb, our God and King.
- 7 Blessing and Honour to the Lamb,
 Glory and Power to his Name :
 Loud Hallelujah, sing again,
 And all the Church shall say, Amen.

II.

- 1 **HAPPY** the Man that doth delight,
 In the eternal God ;
 That can rejoice each Day and Night,
 In the Redeemer's Blood.
- 2 Whate'er his Heart desires that's good,
 Shall never be deny'd
 Rich Blessings pour down like a flood,
 From Jesu's wounded side.
- 3 Here's Pardon, Joy, and Life, and Peace,
 And spotless Righteousness,
 Oceans of Love, and seas of Bliss,
 More than Tongue can express.
- 4 A rich Abode, Cloathing, and Food,
 True Wisdom, Health, and Friends ;
 An Heart at ease through Jesu's blood,
 Pleasure that never ends.
- 5 Pleasures that Worldlings never know,
 Nor the self-righteous Throng,
 Christ is our Pleasure here below,
 Our Subject, and our Song.
- 6 In Sicknes, Jesu's our Health ;
 In Weaknes, he's our Pow'r.



- In Poverty, he is our Wealth ;
Joy in our dying hour.
- 7 Our Peace and rest when in the Grave,
Tho' all things here decay ;
Christ will our slumb'ring Dust revive,
In the great rising Day.
- 8 Then shall our Souls and Bodies join,
And mingle in the Throng ;
Who chant in Hymns, the Lamb divine,
And make him all their song.
- 9 Where Jesus reigns in Bliss compleat ;
Who evermore shall be ;
And lay our Crowns before his feet,
To all Eternity.
- 10 Then, Brethren let us all unite ;
Our one desire be this ;
For to delight in Christ the Lord,
In Time and endless Bliss.

III.

SINNERS the Trumpet's blown,
Attend the joyful sound ;
Your bleeding Saviour own,
Whose Mercy doth abound ;
The Trumpet's Voice proclaims his Grace,
Divinely free, for all our Race.

'Tis here the friendly Voice
Of Christ, the warning gives ;
Who in the Sound rejoice,
In Jesus ever lives.
The Trumpet's Voice proclaims his Grace,
Divinely free for all our Race.

3 It sounds of pard'ning Love,
Through Jesu's precious Blood ;
Robes of Salvation wove,
By the dear Lamb of God ;
It sounds of Christ our Right'ousness,
As giv'n free for all our Race.

4 O Sinners ! now attend,
And Heav'n's best warning take ;
From Christ, the Sinner's Friend,
Whose WORD doth Mercy speak ;
His tender Heart will you embrace,
There's room for all the fallen Race.

5 O do not Christ despise ;
Nor love the way to Hell ;
The Lamb, the Sacrifice,
Alone can make you well ;
The Trumpet sounds he dy'd for thee,
Believe and be from hell set free.

6 Believe, and fit for Heav'n,
In Christ thou shalt be made ;
He's for Salvation giv'n,
Sinners be not afraid ;
All that believe shall surely be
With Christ to all Eternity.

IV.

1 MY Brethren dear behold the Lamb of God !
Who came to save us by his precious Blood ;
He took our Clay, and laid aside his Crown,
The price of our Redemption to lay down.

2 When he appear'd among the Sons of Men,
Good-will to Sinners, he did loud proclaim ;
Saying, I'm come to do my Father's will,
Sinners to save, their wounded Conscience heal.

- 3 But Scribes and Rulers did the Lamb deride,
And scorn'd his Word thro' their self right'ous pride
His Person and his Mission they despise,
And cruel Tortures for him they devise.
- 4 And wicked Herod, with his wretched brood,
Mock'd the dear Jesus as he speechless stood :
Deriding him who arch'd the starry sky,
And on him put a Robe of purple die.
- 5 With Whips the Ruffians plow'd his Body o'er,
Till it was cover'd with a purple Gore !
Pierc'd with a Crown of Thorns, his precious Head
Struck with their Clubs till his dear Temples bled.
- 6 Then straight they led the Lamb to Calvary,
And nail'd my Jesus to the rugged tree ;
When thirsty, mock'd him with the bitter Juice,
And treated my dear Lamb with fore abuse.
- 7 Well might the Sun in darkness hide his Face,
While his Creator hung in sad disgrace ;
And sable blackness clothe the azure sky,
When God its Maker on the Cross did die.
- 8 O dearest Lord what hast thou done or said,
To draw such cruel treatment on thy Head ;
Thy life was Innocence, thy Death was Love,
Tho' cruel Men did not their God approve.

THE SECOND PART. L

- 1 MY dearest Lord thou wilt it should be so,
Thou all my Grief and Shame would undergo ;
I am the Sinner, who deserv'd to lie,
In Chains of Shame and endless Misery.
- 2 My vile Offences rent thy tender Heart ;
My deadly Sins has caus'd thee all this Smart ;

Sure heav'nly Love alone cou'd pity me,
And pluck the Brand from endless Misery.

3 My Lamb whate'er is Sinful I have done,
But thou in Love, did for me, full atone;
And I believe, thou loved sinful me,
And for me bow'd thy Head upon the Tree.

4 Thy dying Words are pleasure to my Heart,
They, Comfort, Peace and lasting Joy impart;
'Tis Finish'd, O the blessed Work is done,
And I am saved by the Lord alone.

5 My dearest Lamb, my mighty Debt has paid,
Of Law or Justice I am not afraid;
I am no more a Slave, but perfect free,
Since my dear Sav'our did the work for me.

6 That being dead wherein I was held fast;
I from the Law am made quite free at last,
No yoke of bondage e'er shall fetter me,
Since Christ has set my Soul at liberty.

7 Not awe'd by Law, but drawn by heav'nly Love,
My Soul shall now in sweet Obedience move;
All that my loving Sav'our bids me mind,
To that, my *Heart* and *Actions* I will bind.

8 I'll love, because I am belov'd of God,
And sing my Sav'our's Right'ousness and Blood;
This is my Theme, this is my only Plea,
My Jesus liv'd and dy'd for sinful me.

9 And while upon this Earth I do remain,
I'll preach the Lamb was once for Sinners slain;
His perfect Off'ring makes the guilty free,
Believe on him, and ever happy be.

The Prodigal Son, LUKE 15.

- 1 O What a shameful Wretch was I,
To love my Sins so well ;
To Disregard the Joys on High,
And seek the way to Hell.
- 2 Far from my heav'nly Father's Dome,
To distant Lands I went ;
Forgetful of my blessed Home,
On Folly I was bent.
- 3 I rov'd in sensual Delights,
And join'd with giddy Throngs,
Who waste their Days and spend their Nights,
In Luxury and Songs.
- 4 This brought me soon to a sad state,
Of Shame and Poverty ;
Quite starv'd, I sought the Husks to eat,
But no Man gave to me.
- 5 I thought upon the Riches great,
My Father's House contain'd ;
My distance and my wretched state,
My Heart and Conscience pain'd
- 6 Just as I was immers'd in Sin,
Quite naked starv'd and poor ;
(No Good without, nor Good within)
I sought my Father's Door.
- 7 Resolv'd to prostrate at his Feet,
Make Mercy all my plea ;
Believing there was Mercy yet,
For such a Wretch as me.
- 8 And when he saw the Rebel's Face,
He ran the Wretch to meet ;

Fell on his Neck, and did embrace
Me with his Kiffes sweet.

9 Father I've fin'd I do confefs,
'Gainst Heav'n and in thy Sight;
He stop'd my Plaints; gave me a Dress,
A Robe that shines most bright.

10 A Ring upon my Hand was plac'd,
A seal of endless Love
Sweet Gospel peace, my Feet has grac'd,
Rich Mercies from Above.

11 The blessed fatted Calf was slain,
The Lamb was crucify'd;
Through him, I all this Favour gain,
For he for sinners dy'd.

12 And now my Father kindly says,
Let Joy and Mirth abound;
My Son was *Dead but lives again*
Was lost, but now is found.

VI.

1 I'll praise my dearest Lamb, who bled on the Tree
His Death and his Name's a Cordial to me
A sweet Consolation, when e'er I'm distress'd
His Word's my direction, his Love is my rest.

2 Tho' Troubles assail, and compass me round;
His Truth cannot fail, his Love doth abound;
He is my strong Tow'r, in safety I hold
In Jesus' Pow'r, I still will confide.

3 Tho' Health is remov'd, and weakness comes on,
I'll trust my belov'd, and make him my song;
His kind disposition is ever the same;
He is my Physician, and Life's in his Name.

- 4 Tho' this feeble Clay, in Dust must lie down,
I know not the Day, yet may it come soon; [view
I'll wade through death's River, with Christ in my
For he will deliver, and bring me safe through.
- 5 Tho' Law, sin and Hell appear to oppose;
I'm sure to do well in spite of my foes;
On my Sav'our's Arm, alone I rely;
I fear no alarm, while Jesus is nigh.
- 6 No Goodness of mine I plead in this Cause;
The Sav'our divine, has answer'd all Laws;
He is my dear Surety, in his Righteousness;
I'm cover'd securely from Shame and Distress.
- 7 My Soul is fast bound in th' Bundle of Life;
In Jesus I'm found, this ends ev'ry strife;
And when my dear Sav'our, shall call me Above,
I'll own the dear Favour, and fly to my Love.

VII.

- 1 COME ye thirsty parched Souls,
Who pine away and die;
Here the broad Rivers freely flow,
And Mercy's streams are nigh.
- 2 'Tis Jesus Christ's dear Love and Blood
That flow'd for sinners vile;
Come drink the streams they'll do you good,
And cool your parched Soil
- 3 They'll ease your burning Souls of guilt,
And wash away your Sin;
The Sav'our's precious Blood was spilt,
To make poor Sinners clean.
- 4 Believe for you the Rivers flow,
And taste the gospel Peace;

Mercy and free Salvation can,
The guilty Conscience ease.

5 When other Streams are dry'd away,
These *Streams will ever run*;
Their Fountain-head can ne'er decay
'Tis God's beloved Son.

6 Jesus for ever is the same,
His Love can ne'er decay;
Nor can the virtues of his Name,
That takes our Grievs away.

7 Then, O my Soul! for ever praise,
Jesus the bleeding Lamb;
Adore the Rivers of rich Grace,
And live upon his Name.

VIII.

1 MY dearest Sav'our dying Lamb,
I love thy precious charming Name;
And trust alone in thee my God,
From whom rich *Love and Mercy flow'd*.
Thy Love was great when on the Tree,
'Thou shed thy Blood, for sinful me.

2 Tho' ev'ry day I look for Death,
To come and stop my feeble Breath;
Yet I rely upon thy WORD,
Which has my precious Soul assur'd;
'The Soul that trusts upon thy Name,
Shall ne'er be put to Grief or Shame.

3 The evil Works that I have done,
Cannot condemn;—Thou didst atone;
Nor can my good Works justify;
No,—*My dear Lord did for me die*;
I count all else but Dung and Dross,
And glory only in thy Cross.

- 4 Thou art the Lord my Right'ousness,
 My Cov'ring good, my only Dress ;
 In thee alone, I hope to stand,
 E'er it be long at God's Right-hand ;
 My Lamb, my Heav'n, my all's in thee,
 For Time, and for Eternity.

IX.

- ¹ O Heav'nly Sav'our Lamb divine !
 No Love can be compar'd to thine ;
 When Man was ruin'd and undone,
 Thou swiftly to his Rescue ran.
- 2 Tho' we were Rebels and unclean,
 And deeply sunk in Shame and Sin ;
 Thou came to seek and save the Lost,
 Tho' it thy tender Life must cost.
- 3 In our sad Place thou meekly stood,
 And offer'd up thy Flesh and Blood ;
 For Man to answer, die for Sin,
 And everlasting Life bring in.
- 4 Transgression thou hast finished,
 When on the Cross thou freely bled ;
 And then thou made an end of Sin,
 And endless Right'ousness brought in.
- 5 Sinners, the gospel Truth makes known,
 Salvation is in Christ alone ;
 This Truth believe, and glad confess,
 Jesus the Lord your Right'ousness
- 6 This spotless Lamb, we will adore,
 Our God and Sav'our evermore ;
 On Earth below, in Heav'n above,
 We'll sing his Mercy and his Love.

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Yet I rely upon thy WORD,
Which has my precious Soul assur'd;
The Soul that trusts upon thy Name,
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Cannot condemn;—Thou didst atone;
Nor can my good Works justify;
No,—*My dear Lord did for me die*;
I count all else but Dung and Dross,
And glory only in thy Cross.

- 4 Thou art the Lord my Right'ousness,
 My Cov'ring good, my only Dress ;
 In thee alone, I hope to stand,
 E'er it be long at God's Right-hand ;
 My Lamb, my Heav'n, my all's in thee,
 For 'Time, and for Eternity.

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 Thou came to seek and save the Lost,
 Tho' it thy tender Life must cost.
- 3 In our sad Place thou meekly stood,
 And offer'd up thy Flesh and Blood ;
 For Man to answer, die for Sin,
 And everlasting Life bring in.
- 4 Transgression thou hast finished,
 When on the Cross thou freely bled ;
 And then thou made an end of Sin,
 And endless Right'ousness brought in.
- 5 Sinners, the gospel Truth makes known,
 Salvation is in Christ alone ;
 'This Truth believe, and glad confess,
 Jesus the Lord your Right'ousness
- 6 This spotless Lamb, we will adore,
 Our God and Sav'our evermore ;
 On Earth below, in Heav'n above,
 We'll sing his Mercy and his Love.

X.

1 COME Brethren join with me,
The Sav'our's praise to sing;
And let us all agree,
To glory in our King.
Jesus, who by his precious Blood,
Has brought us Sinners nigh to God.

2 In pity to our Race,
He yielded up his Breath;
And shew'd his tender Grace,
In his triumphant Death;
He triumph'd o'er our potent Foes,
And o'er their Rage, He conqu'ring rose.

3 And now our Advocate,
Before his Father pleads,
His meritor'ous Death,
And kindly intercedes;
In favour of poor Sinners vile,
Whom he to God did reconcile.

4 A Sinner vile am I,
Who trampled on his Blood;
And from my God did fly
Down the destructive Road.
But yet my Jesus pleads for me,
And Mercy makes the Sinner free.

5 Of this sweet Mercy, free,
We will for ever sing;
It flows for you and me,
For Jesus is the spring;
Free Mercy still in Christ abounds,
With this the Gospel sweetly sounds,

XI.

- 1 JESUS how charming is thy Name,
It doth rejoice my Heart;
To spread abroad thy worthy Fame,
In every Land, and Part.
- 2 Salvation is the pleasing Theme,
The gospel Truth holds forth;
Salvation only in thy Name,
So full of heav'nly Worth.
- 3 Jesus our mighty Debt has paid;
And for poor Sinners dy'd;
The right'ous Law of God obey'd
And Justice satisfy'd.
- 4 From Sin, the Law, and Death and Hell;
My Sav'our set me free;
And made the Sinner sound and well,
From ev'ry Malady.
- 5 Jesus my God, I know thy Name,
The Lord my Right'ousness;
That saves me from all Guilt and Blame,
And hides me from Distress.
- 6 This glor'ous *Robe* my Beauty is,
It covers ev'ry Stain;
In thee I'm meet for endless Bliss,
Spotless, Holy and Clean.
- 7 Jesus my Lamb, thy Name I'll bless,
Nought else I e'er will know;
Thou art my Peace, my Right'ousness
My Comfort here below.
- 8 My only *Hope* when Life shall fail,
Is in thy precious Name;
Through it, I shall o'er Death prevail,
And reign with Christ my Lamb.

XII.

- 1 MY Soul in the Chorus now join,
For Harmony clothes the glad Song;
The Subject is Mercy Divine,
Hymn'd forth, by the glorify'd Throng;
Who feed from a Prison of Clay,
Stands near to the Fountain of Love;
The Lamb that was Slain, is the Lay
Of all the Redeemed above,
- 2 No Subject on earth is so Bright,
As Jesus the Heav'nly Lamb;
His Love fills my Heart with delight,
And fires the ravishing Theme;
His Right'ousness swells the glad Song,
Ye Saints join the harmonious Lay,
And with the Seraphical Throng,
Adore the sweet Fountain of Day.
- 3 If all the foul Fiends that's beneath,
And mortal Opposers unite,
Against me in Malice to breath,
And numberless Charges indite;
The WORD of the heav'nly Lamb,
Shews my Pardon is wrote in his Blood;
I'm acquitted from Guilt, and from Blame;
Complete in my Sav'our and God.
- 4 O wonderful Mercy and Love!
What such a vile Sinner as me?
The sweets of God's Favour to prove,
In Jesus who dy'd on the Tree;
Sure none need despair, since so free
Are Mercy and Love for the Lost;
I'll adore him who gave it to me,
Yes,—gave it, without any Cost.

- 5 This Jewel I value most dear,
 Its worth I can never relate;
 Distresses I never will fear,
 I cannot exhaust my Estate;
'Tis Love Everlasting I prove,
My Jesus, my Heav'n, my God;
 Yes,—mine through the gift of God's love,
 And seal'd by *Emmanuel's Blood.*

XIII.

- ALMIGHTY God, we sing,
 The Mercy and the Grace,
 That flow'd from Heav'n through Christ our King
 To a poor sinful Race.
- 2 This Mercy we'll adore,
 That shines in Jesus free;
 He is the Fountain and the Store,
 Of our Felicity.
- 3 We nothing had to bring,
 To move our God to love,
 We nothing were but Guilt and Sin,
 Tho' we rich Mercy prove.
- 4 The Lord this Mercy shew'd
 Because he would us free;
 Through Christ who shed his precious Blood,
 Upon the shameful Tree.
- 5 This bleeding Lamb was giv'n,
 To be our Right'ousness;
 Our full Salvation and our Heav'n,
 Through Mercy, Love and Grace.
- 6 Then raise your chearful Voice,
 Ye spouse of Christ the Lamb;

In his rich Mercy now rejoice,
And praise Jehovah's Name.

XIV.

To be sung at the Grave of a deceased Friend.

- 1 **JEHOVAH** was the only Hope,
Of our deceased Friend ;
The Love of Jesus bore (him) up,
With comfort, to the End.
- 2 Now doth the Body rest from pain,
In Dust we'll lay it down ;
'Till Jesus calls it up again,
To wear a glorious Crown.
- 3 Then shall (his) Dust the Call obey,
And from the Grave arise.
Fly up with joy the wond'rous way,
Above the starry Skies.
- 4 Great God we long to see the Day,
When thou in Clouds shall come,
And take thy Children all away,
To their eternal Home.

XV.

- 1 **LOUD** Hallelujah sing ye joyful Choir,
To great Jehovah your exalted Sire ;
Who freely gave his own beloved Son,
To be poor Sinners *Hope*, their Joys to Crown ;
The Gospel sounds, Sinners here's free Salvation,
In Jesus Christ for ev'ry Land and Nation.
- 2 Whoever hears this Sound and it believes,
It Straight, his Mind from Dread and Fear relieves
To know a God that cannot lie has said,
All our Transgressions on the Lamb were laid ;

Raifes our Souls from Guilt and Condemnation,
And gives us Joy in Chrift the Lord's Salvation.

3 O Sinners now believe God's Record true,
It founds with Peace and pard'ning Love for you ;
Through the dear Blood of Chrift on Calv'ry fhed,
When your Iniquities on him were laid ;
This Truth believed yields ftrong Consolation,
Believe it then, and fing of free Salvation.

4 You then the depth of Mercy free will prove,
And join with us to praife redeeming Love ;
The blood Redeem'd that ftand before the Throne ;
Sing of this Love and will for ever own,
The Lamb is worthy, this their Exultation,
Loud Hallelujah, God is our Salvation.

XVI

The rich Glutton and Lazarus. LUKE, 16.

1 O What an awful Contrast this,
That Jefus doth unfold ;
A rich Man crown'd with earthly Eafe,
Whofe only god was gold.

2 His fare was fumpt'ous every Day,
His Raiment foft and fine ;
He fquandered his time away,
In gluttony and Wine.

3 But Lazarus a Beggar poor,
Lay at the rich Man's Gate,
Beggings the Crumbs that on the Floor,
Fell, from his lordly Plate.

4 But he the poor Man's fuit difdains,
And turns away his Ear ;

Regardless of his Wants and Pains,
And scorns his Complaints to hear.

5 The Dogs with strong Compassion mov'd,
Were kinder than their Lord ;
They lick'd his Sores, the Pain remov'd,
And him to Ease restor'd.

6 But heav'nly Mercy call'd away,
The Lazer from his Grief ;
And in the realms of purest Joy,
He found a sweet Relief.

7 And the rich Glutton also dy'd,
And lifted up his Eyes ;
In Hell's keen Torments terrify'd,
'Midst Flames and horrid Cries.

8 But when he saw poor Lazarus
Lean on the breast of Bliss ;
He felt most strong the burning Curse,
And long'd his Tongue to ease.

9 But there's no cooling Streams in Hell,
No drops of Comfort found ;
Where Devils and dam'd Spirits dwell,
Nothing but Pains abound.

10 *Ye Pharisaic Sons of Men,*
Take warning by the Fate
Of him, who would consider when,
It was for him too late.

11 You now exist on Mercy's ground,
And have God's Holy-Word,
Wherein Salvation doth abound
Alone, through Christ the Lord.

12 Make not your pious zeal your trust,
But trust the Sav'our's blood ;

Make not your works, but Christ your boast,
And you shall live with God.

XVII.

- 1 YE who Jesu's Truth do know,
And do his *Love* enjoy;
Join hymns of praise, below,
Till you march up on high :
Make the Nazarene your song,
- Jesus who once despised was,
You to whom the Lamb belong
Now glory in his Cross.
- 2 Tho' you are, like him despis'd
By the self right'ous Crew ;
You are by your Saviour priz'd,
Who liv'd and dy'd for you ;
Trust upon his *faithful Word*,
In nothing be ye terrify'd ;
Jesus your victorious Lord,
Is ever on your side.
- 3 He will soon to Judgment come,
And call them to his Bar,
To recieve their final Doom,
Who did despise him here ;
Then self-right'ous Pride will fail,
And all must own the Sentence just ;
When they're sentenc'd down to Hell,
To dwell among the Curs'd.
- 4 But our loving Sav'our then,
Will us to Bliss receive ;
Tho' we've been dispis'd by Men,
We shall with Jesus live ;
All who suffer for his sake,
Shall reign in everlasting Rest ;

And of purest Joys partake
Leaning on Jesu's Breast.

XVIII

- 1 IN grateful hymns of Praise we'll sing,
The Mercies of our God and King;
We'll sing, that Love that knows no end,
The Love of Christ the sinners Friend.
- 2 When we were wretched and undone,
Thou Lov'd and to our rescue ran;
Enter'd our place, our debt to pay,
And take our ev'ry Sin away.
- 3 Dear Lamb upon thy guileless Head,
Our Sins and ev'ry Fault were laid;
The Just, for the unjust then stood,
To bring lost Sinners nigh to God.
- 4 Then meekly thou didst bear our Curse,
And for us dy'd upon the Cross;
And by thy perfect offering there,
We're sav'd, without our Works or Pray'r.
- 5 By Truth believing we receive
This Mercy, and on Jesus live;
We own no other Life but thee,
Thou Lamb, whose Truth has made us free.

XIX.

To be sung at the Funeral of an Infant.

- 1 HOW happy is the Infant now,
Secure in Jesu's Arms;
Where living Pleasures ever flow,
Quite free from Deaths alarms.
- 2 The tender Plant just sprang to view,
This State of anxious Toil;

And e'er it to the Blossom grew,
Has clasp'd its native Soil.

- 3 Blush'd it to share our Grief and Pain
Its tender Heart could know
No winter Storms, nor pouring Rains,
That Mortals overflow.
- 4 But the kind Planter's Hand that made,
This Vineyard where we dwell ;
Remov'd the Bud to pleasant Shade,
Where it will Flourish well,

XX.

For the Same.

- 1 THE tender Infant now is gone,
To dwell among the Bless'd
And join the never-ending Song,
In everlasting Rest
- 2 No Crimes it knew, no Storms of Wrath,
Against it e'er shall blow ;
No Stain it wears, Christ by his Death,
Has made it white as Snow.
- 3 It now enjoys a perfect Spring,
Where Winter ne'er appears,
With it we soon shall rise and sing,
And banish all our Cares.
- 4 Death spares no Age, nor Sex on earth,
But calls all to the Tomb ;
The hoary Head, and Infant Birth
Must at his Summons come.
- 5 Thrice happy they who soon shall rise
The Kingdom to possess ;
And like this Babe ascend the Skies,
To dwell where Jesus is.

XXI.

- 1 COME ye BLOOD REDEEMED Sinners,
Antedate the glorious Song ;
You, who through the *Lamb* are winners,
And unto his Church belong :
 Praise the Lamb,
 Who was slain,
But doth now in Glory reign,
- 2 Hail ! dear Lamb, we are redeemed,
By thine atoning Blood ;
For thy sake we are esteemed,
Kings and Priests unto our God ;
 Blessings be,
 Unto thee,
Glory, Pow'r, and Majesty.
- 3 We will sing loud Hallelujah,
Unto God, and to the Lamb ;
(Tho' proud Pharisees abuse us :
And despise thy blessed Name.)
 All our Days,
 We will praise,
The sweet Fountain of all GRACE.

XXII.

- 1 I am the Sinner, and believe ;
God unto such, his Son did give,
Their full *Salvation* for to be ;
And I believe he's such to me.
- 2 A Christ I have, whose precious Blood,
Has made me nigh unto my God ;
The Blood of Jesus shed for Sin,
Has made, and keeps the Sinner clean.
- 3 A Christ I have, my glorious Dress,
He is the Lord my Right'ousness,

My beautiful *Robe*, my Cov'ring good,
Since 'tis the Right'ousness of God.

4 A Christ I have, who did obey
The Law, and all my Debt did pay;
In Christ I'm free from Curse and Blame,
And sanctify'd in the dear Lamb.

5 A Christ I have, my *Bread of Life*,
My Soul's support, my end of Strife;
On Christ alone my Soul doth live,
This is the Bread which God did give.

6 A Christ I have, my *only way*,
To Regions of eternal Day;
All other *Ways* I do despise,
My Christ's the *only way* I prize.

7 (A Christ I have, he is the *Truth*,
That made me free, when in my Youth
And now in hoary Hairs, I'll own,
Salvation is in Christ alone.)

8 A Christ I have, the *Life he is*,
In him I live, my Source of Bliss;
And when the Lamb, my Life shall come,
He'll take his feeble Servant Home.

XXIII.

1 MY fellow Sinners dear,
Of Christ alone I tell;
Who came to ease you from the Fear
Of sinking into Hell.

2 He came the *Lost* to save,
And set the Pris'ners free;
He'd and rose up from the Grave
To gain our Liberty.

- 3 Remission through his Name,
Sounds in the Gospel free ;
And all that *Come*, to Christ the Lamb,
Shall fully pardon'd be.
- 4 This dear and tender Lord,
Will no one Soul cast out,
That comes believing on his WORD ;
Then cast away all doubt.
- 5 Venture your all, on him,
He never will deceive ;
Come as you are, and nothing bring,
Eternal Life he'll give.
- 6 Yes, he will give it free ;
This Truth to you I tell ;
If it had not been giv'n me,
I should have gone to Hell.
- 7 I nothing had to bring,
But Poverty, and Shame
Yet I can of free Mercy sing,
Through Jesus Christ the Lamb.

XXIV.

- 1 BEHOLD! the Lord hath saved me,
Therefore his Name I'll bless ;
Jesus who bled upon the Tree,
Is now my Right'ousness,
- 2 Tho' Men and Devils me oppose,
I'll trust nor be afraid ;
I know the weakness of my Foes,
Now Jesus is my aid,
- 3 Jesus Jehovah is my Strength,
I cannot be destroy'd ;
I shall o'ercome through Him, at length ;
'Tho' now I'm fiercely try'd.

- 4 In all my Trials he's my Song,
And my Salvation too ;
I shal' be with the Lamb e'er long,
Where Joys are ever new.

XXV.

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REV. 1. 13, 14, 15, 16.

- 1 **AMIDST** the Church the Lamb appears,
His presence banishes our Fears ;
His Glories light the heav'nly Flame,
We sing Salvation to the Lamb.
- 2 *His Garments* reach down to the Feet,
Salvation perfect, and compleat ;
Immortal Truth his Breasts adorn,
This *Truth*, by all the Saints is worn.
- 3 His *Head* the whitest Snow excels,
There Wisdom in perfection dwells ;
His *Eyes* emit a glorious Flame,
Of Love, and shew his precious Name.
- 4 His *Faithfulness* and *Pow'r* surpass,
The melted or the polish'd Brass ;
Upon these Pillars, Sion stands ;
And not on Works, those slipp'ry Sands.
- 5 His *heav'nly Voice* can know no Bounds,
O'er Heav'n and Earth it sweetly Sounds ;
As Billows sound from Shore to Shore,
So sounds his Love, a boundless Store.
- 6 In his right Hand, the Lamb doth hold,
As Stars more bright than Opher's Gold ;
His *Ministers*.—there keep secure,
Thy Church's Servants evermore.
- 7 (I am the weakest Servant, Lord ;
That ever preach'd thy precious Word ;

Yet, keep me in thy Hand secure,
And I'll my Sav'our's Love adore.)

- 8 From his dear *Mouth proceeds the Word*,
That's sharper than a two-edg'd Sword ;
It dooms the Pharisee to Hell ;
And makes the vilest Sinner well.
- 9 His *Countenance exceeds the Sun*,
That from the East to West doth run ;
Not Sol, in all his strength's so bright
As Jesus Christ, the Church's Light.
- 10 O Church of Christ ! rejoice and sing,
You soon shall reign with Christ your King ;
At his right Hand, array'd in white,
In full, ineffable Delight.

XXVI.

- 1 O how delightful is thy Word,
Thou dear and tender Lamb ;
It doth thy *Mercy free* record,
And speak thy wond'rous Fame.
- 2 Whene'er I read the sacred Lines,
They Comfort do impart ;
Because therein thy Goodness shines,
And cheers my worthless Heart.
- 3 There I can read of heav'nly Love,
To a poor sinful Race ;
Salvation coming from Above,
Salvation free by *Grace*.
- 4 This precious Grace in Christ is giv'n,
To me, a Sinner, free ;
'Tis the dear Tenderness of Heav'n,
That saves poor sinful me.

- 5 O God! it doth delight my Heart,
To tell a sinful Race;
How Good, how Merciful thou art,
How great in Tenderneſs.
- 6 This in thy *Word* I plainly ſee,
Through Jeſus Chriſt, abounds;
He's God's Salvation giv'n free,
With this the Goſpel ſounds.
- 7 This Goſpel Truth I ſtill will preach,
Tho' for it I'm deſpis'd;
I will not other Doctrines teach,
That are by Men devis'd.
- 8 No Creeds, nor Articles of Faith,
But God's pure Word alone,
Will I e'er preach, till call'd by Death,
Before my Sav'our's Throne.

XXVII.

- 1 I ſing my lovely *Sharon's Roſe*,
In Nature not his equal blows;
The bluſhing Beauties of my God,
Shine in the Crimſon of his Blood.
- 2 The Church his precious Fragrance ſnell,
And loves the rich Perfume ſo well;
That ſhe, this *Roſe* admires above,
All earthly Sweets, and earthly Love.
- 3 So my poor Heart deſires to know,
No Sweets but what from thee do flow;
My Life, my Love, my *Sharon's Roſe*,
My Comfort, and my ſweet Repoſe.
- 4 Tho' Pharifees this *Roſe* deſpiſe,
And do not its ſweet Fragrance Prize;
Yet, I'll adore, and ever own,
Salvation is in Chriſt alone.

XXVIII.

- 1 **ALL** Hail! Thou Sinners Friend,
What Praise is due to thee;
Thy boundless Mercy knows no end,
And thy Salvation's free,
- 2 Free for a ruin'd Race,
That is undone by Sin;
Free through the riches of thy Grace,
Who dy'd our Souls to win.
- 3 This is declar'd to all,
In thy most blessed Word;
Thy Gospel sounds with a free Call,
Thou dear and tender Lord.
- 4 Sinners the call's to you,
It is the Sav'our's Voice;
Believe the blessed Record true,
And in the Lamb rejoice.
- 5 O hear his gracious Word,
*"Come all by sin oppress'd
Believe and own me for your Lord,
And I will give you rest."*
- 6 Then whither would you go?
Come to his bleeding wounds;
Tho' you're oppress'd with Sin and Woe,
Free Mercy still abounds.

XXIX.

I. COR. 13. *Upon Love for the Truth.*

- 1 **MOST** gracious God thy Truth divine,
Has chang'd this stubborn Heart of mine;
To love thee, and thy children here,
Whom thou hast bought with blood so dear.
- 2 I love, because I am belov'd,
And in Christ Jesus am approv'd.

Jesus ; and all that stand in thee ;
I love from *Truth's Sincerity*.

3 Tho' I, with Angel's Tongue could preach,
Or Prophecy, or Myst'ries teach ;
If in my Mind Love was not found,
I should be but an empty Sound,

4 If all my Goods, I did bestow
To feed the Poor ; and make a shew
Of strong Compassion ; yet if Love
Was wanting ; all would Nothing prove.

5 If to procure a lasting Name,
For Piety ; I to the Flame,
My Body give, burned to be,
I'm Nought without true Charity.

6 This *Charity* may I still shew,
To thy dear Children here below :
Without dissimulation Love,
Till I am called up Above.

XXX.

The Same.

1 JESUS thy dying Love so free,
I view, and therefore I love thee ;
As Thou this Love to me has shew'd,
So I'll love all that's born of God,

2 In the Afflictions of the Cross,
Long-suffering Love's not at a loss ;
In Christ she'll Consolation find,
And move in all the Ways that's kind.

3 She Env'eth not, the prosp'rous Few ;
Nor Vaunteth, with the haughty Crew ;
Tho' Pharisaic pride puffs up,
Love still desires the humble Cup.

- 4 Love doth behave herself Discreet,
And lays herself at other's feet ;
Seeks other's good, not her own ease ;
But seeks to profit, and, to please.
- 5 This is the *Love* I wish to shew,
To all thy Children here below ;
By Truth supported, may I be
A Pattern of this Charity.

XXXI

The Same.

- 1 LOVE is not soon Provok'd to Wrath,
But meekly with the WORD OF FAITH ;
Answers each false Accuser's plea,
Jesus my Lord has dy'd for me.
- 2 What, tho' against the Sons of God ?
The Sons of Error cry aloud ?
Love doth not *Evil* think of them,
Who, Jesus did by blood redeem.
- 3 Love doth abhor **Iniquity*,
And from the Paths of Error fly ;
In *Truth* alone she doth rejoice,
And Hails it ! with a chearful Voice.
- 4 Beareth the weakness of its Friends,
And all its kind Assistance lends ;
Believeth all things in God's word ;
And *Hopes for all things* from the Lord.
- 5 Love doth for Christ *all things* endure ;
Knowing in Christ she is secure ;
And when the God of Love shall come,
He'll take his loving Servants Home.
- 6 Then Gifts and Tongues, and Myst'ries fail,
But *Charity* shall still prevail ;

*Spiritual Iniquity, or false Doctrine.

For we shall reign with God above,
And Heav'n's a perfect scene of Love.

XXXII.

For a Funeral.

- 1 JESUS the Shepherd of the Sheep,
Has call'd another Home ;
And in the Grave the Dust shall sleep,
Till Jesus Christ shall come.
- 2 The happy Soul is gone to Rest,
And left the cumb'rous Clay ;
To lean on the Redeemer's Breast,
Where Pleasures ne'er decay.
- 3 No more a frowning World shall vex ;
A tempting Devil tease ;
Nor anxious Cares the Mind perplex,
'Tis now at perfect ease.
- 4 Then cease to Mourn for those who sleep
In Christ, and are at rest ;
Why should your Minds be fill'd with grief ?
Since they with Christ are blest'd.
- 5 As for our Friend that now is gone,
We soon shall see again ;
And Join with him before the Throne,
To praise the Lamb once slain.
- 6 Our Troubles here will shortly end,
And we shall rest above ;
With Christ our never failing Friend,
Our Sav'our and our Love.

XXXIII.

- 1 BEHOLD the Lilly of the Vales,
Whose spotless Beauty never fails ;
The Snow on Salmon's not so white,
As this dear Lilly, my delight.

- 2 Tho' in our Room he did appear,
Our Sins to move, our Curse to bear ;
Yet in the Vallies he did shine,
With perfect Beauties all Divine.
- 3 Free was his Life from ev'ry Stain,
Tho' fill'd with Sorrow, Grief and Pain ;
Strict Justice could not find a Flaw,
For Jesus magnify'd the Law.
- 4 This Lily cry'd, "*Tis Finished*" ;
And for poor Sinners bow'd his Head ;
Yet the perfections of a God,
Shone through the Streams of his dear Blood.
- 5 And when by his own Pow'r he rose,
Triumphant Victor o'er his Foes ;
His perfect Beauties did appear,
Divinely Bright, Divinely Fair.
- 6 Then, O my Soul for ever Bless
Jesus the Lord thy Right'ousness ;
In this fair Lilly thou shalt stand,
Compleatly Fair, at God's right Hand.

XXXIV.

- 1 SING Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who once was Crucify'd ;
Sing Hallelujah to his Name,
Who for poor Sinners dy'd.
- 2 He triumph'd o'er our num'rous Foes,
By his almighty Pow'r ;
And from the Gates of Death arose,
In the appointed Hour.
- 3 He sits enthron'd above the Sky,
Our Advocate, is he ;
And we shall soon be rais'd on High,
His glorious Face to see.

- 4 Lord, how we long for that sweet Hour,
When thou in Clouds shalt come;
Cloth'd with majestic Love and Pow'r,
To take thy Servants Home.

XXXV.

- 1 A Christ I have, my *Shepherd* good,
To save the Sheep he shed his Blood;
And in his Fold, I am secure,
From Sin and Hell, for evermore.
- 2 A Christ I have, he is the *Door*,
By which I enter to the Store.
Of heav'nly Blessings, Pastures good;
The Sav'our's precious Flesh and Blood.
- 3 A Christ I have, he is the *Vine*,
In Him, a fruitful Branch I shine;
My Health is in this living *Root*,
In him alone, I bring forth Fruit.
- 4 A Christ I have, he is my *Sun*,
And in his Light I chearful run
The gospel Race; nor shall retreat,
While cheer'd and nourish'd with his heat.
- 5 A Christ I have, he is my *Shield*,
Tho' all my Foes approach the Field;
I shall o'ercome, Christ is my Guard,
And my exceeding great Reward.
- 6 A Christ I have, he is my *Hope*,
I'll trust nought else to bear me up;
I'll pass through Death without dismay,
For Christ my Hope has led the way.
- 7 A Christ I have, he is my *Heav'n*,
A glor'ous Crown will soon be giv'n;

To poor unworthy Sinful me,
And all who long his Face to see.

- 8 A Christ I have, he is my All,
O what shall I my Sav'our call;
I will adore, but can't express,
His Worth, his Mercy, or his Grace.

XXXVI.

- 1 BY Faith I now behold,
My Sins on Jesus laid;
Could Justice charge ten-fold,
My Jesus all has paid;
His precious Blood has set me free,
By paying ev'ry Mite for me.

- 2 In vain the Fiends beneath,
And Pow'rs on Earth combine;
Thousands of Woes to breath,
Against this Soul of mine;
My Pardon's wrote in Lines of Blood,
And seal'd by the *incarnate God.*

- 3 And now my ceaseless theme,
While I on Earth abide:
Shall be the glor'ous Name,
Of Jesus Crucify'd;
Who is the Sinners glor'ous Dress,
His everlasting Right'ousness.

- 4 Loud Ha lelujah Then,
Sound forth from ev'ry Tongue;
Unite ye Sons of Men,
In the delightful Song;
Salvation, Honour, Glory sing,
To Angel's God, and Sion's King.

XXXVII.

For the Lord's Supper.

- 1 **BEHOLD !** dear Lord thy Family,
Who at thy Table meet ;
In *Truth and Love* we now agree,
To Worship at thy Feet.
- 2 We call thy dying Love to mind,
And think how great it was ;
When thou, thy precious Life resign'd,
For Sinners, on the Cross.
- 3 We have no *Hope* nor Plea but thee,
Thou dear and tender Lamb ;
Who gave thyself, our Life to be ;
And rescue us from Shame.
- 4 Thy Body broken, and thy Blood,
We now discern by Faith ;
We'll take the Supper of our God,
In mem'ry of his Death.
- 5 While on this Earth we do remain;
Thy Death shall be our Song ;
We'll sing the Lamb for us was slain,
And we to him belong.

XXXVIII.

For the Lord's Supper.

- 1 **THIS** *Bread* we eat, is but a Sign,
Of *That*, the Father sent from Heav'n,
Of *Jesus Christ the Bread divine* ;
To needy Sinners freely giv'n.
- 2 Thy *Body* broken on the Cross,
We view by Faith and freely eat ;
The *Bread* that thou didst give for us,
Our *Manna*, and our heav'nly Meat.

- 3 Our Souls thus satisfy'd with good,
Shall never taste eternal Death ;
Thou art thy People's living Food,
And on thee now we feed by Faith.

XXXIX.

For the Lord's Supper.

- 1 THE Cup we jofully do take,
In memory of Thee ;
Who fhed thy precious Blood to make
Our Souls for ever free.
- 2 By Faith we drink thy precious Blood,
And are fustain'd by thee,
Thou dying Sav'our, deareft God,
Who bled on Calvary.
- 3 Remiffion of our Sins we fee,
Through that delightful Stream ;
And Glory give alone to thee,
Who did our Souls redeem.

XL.

- 1 BRETHREN behold the Corner Stone,
Which Pharifees reject ;
Jehovah builds his Church thereon,
For He, is God's Elect.
- 2 Jefus the fure Foundation is,
On him, doth Sion ftand ;
He is the Centre of her blifs,
She's rear'd by his Command.
- 3 As lively Stones her Sons are laid,
And form a beaut'ous Houfe ;
Her Daughters are like Gall'ries ftay'd,
Upon their lovely Spoufe.
- 4 Tho' Rains defcend, and Floods furround,
And furious Winds do blow ;

This Building rests on firmest Ground,
None can it overthrow.

5 By *Truth* she is cemented strong,
Surrounded quite with Love ;
Christ is her Glory, and her Song,
He her defence does prove.

6 On him my ev'ry Hope is laid,
I rest on him alone ;
He is my Strength, I'm not not afraid,
Since Christ's the *Corner Stone*.

XLI.

1 **HAPPY** the Souls that doth rejoice,
In Christ alone, and know the Voice,
Of Him, their Shepherd good ;
It charms their Hearts to hear the Word
Of free Salvation in the Lord ;
Who shed for them his Blood.

2 Tho' Strangers try to imitate,
The Voice of Christ our Shepherd great ;
We will not lend an Ear :
Nor follow their delusive Sound,
*Tho' Holiness therein abound ;
'Tis mix'd with slavish Fear.

3 The Lord's our Right'ousness, we own ;
And we will follow him alone ;
In him we Holy are ;
No spot doth God in us behold,
For Christ has Sanctify'd his Fold,
And made his flock quite fair.

4 The voice of Strangers we'll not mind,
How e'er by Art it is refin'd,
We'll scorn each hellish Lie !

*Man's personal holiness, held forth by false Teachers for acceptance with God, and meetness for Glory ; in the room of Jesus Christ.

Through Suffrings we'll attend our Head,
(His Voice will us to Glory lead,)

Tho' for it we should die.

XLII.

- 1 JESUS with all thy Choirs above,
Thy Glories I will sing ;
And join the Saints to praise that Love,
That did Salvation bring.
- 2 But how shall I, poor worthless Worm,
Find Language to express ;
The mighty *Works* thou didst perform,
In Mercy, and in Grace.
- 3 Were twice ten thousand *Worlds* to frame,
Thy *Word* could them compleat ;
But Man to raise from Guilt and Shame,
Cost thee a bloody Sweat.
- 4 Sad was our helpless ruin'd State,
But Pity mov'd our God ;
To save us by a Work so great,
That cost him his dear Blood.
- 5 Beneath our Sorrows and our Sin,
Thou bled, and groan'd, and dy'd ;
That thou by Blood might make us clean,
And sanctify thy Bride.
- 6 Compleat we are in Christ our God,
Reliev'd from all Distress ;
Through the Atonement, by the Blood
Of Christ, our Right'ousness.
- 7 This is our Faith, and this our Hope,
On him alone to Trust ;
Despising ev'ry Plea, and Prop ;
But Christ who saves the Lost.

XLIII,

A Funeral Hymn.

- 1 HOW bless'd and happy they who die,
In Christ, the Sinners Friend ;
Their Souls from this frail Clay do fly,
And to the Lamb ascend
- 2 No more shall ruff'ling Passions tease,
Or Sorrows heave the Breast ;
Calm are their Souls, and not a Breeze,
Disturbs their peaceful Rest.
- 3 Clos'd in the Grave, the sleeping Dust ;
Shall undisturb'd remain,
And lie till Jesus calls the Just,
To join the heav'nly Train.
- 4 Then shall the Lord by his great Pow'r,
Recieve the mould'ring Clay ;
Then we shall meet in that blest Hour,
And Jesus' Form survey.
- 5 Come quickly Lord, and gather in,
Thy Saints, to dwell with thee ;
Far from a World of grief and sin,
Eternally to be.

XLIV. 44

- 1 'T'S that sure *Covenant in Blood*,
Once seal'd by Christ upon the Wood,
Is of my Faith, the Ground :
I trust not to the Words of Man,
How ever drefs'd, say what they can,
They'e but an empty Sound.
- 2 I in the Lord alone believe,
And his plain Word doth comfort give,
Doth shew I'm sanctify'd,
By the Lamb's precious Blood alone :

God doth me Pure and Perfect own
In Him, that for me dy'd.

3 He on the Crofs for me hath bled,
And bowed down his lov'ly Head.
And *Finished* for me
Transgression ; made an end of Sin ;
And endless Right'ousness brought in,
And perfect Liberty.

4 He is my Right'ousness alone,
All other Cov'rings I difown,
He is my rich Array ;
In this fine Linen wash'd in blood,
I hope to stand before my God,
In awful Judgment's day.

5 This to a Sinner's very sweet,
Because he is a Robe compleat,
And God delights in him.
I am a Sinner I do know ;
But in the Lamb I'm white as Snow,
And free from ev'ry Sin.

6 All Glory to my lovely Lamb,
By whom alone Salvation came,
He all things is to me ;
Untill my feeble Life shall end,
I will adore my Faithful Friend,
Who gave himself for me.

XLV.

1 'TIS Finish'd, cry'd our dying Lord,
When he hung on the Tree ;
Transgression's *Finish'd* saith his Word,
It Finish'd is, for me.

2 The Work the Father set the Son,
He has compleated well ;

Salvation's glor'ous *Work* is done,
Tis Finish'd.—Tremble Hell.

- 3 *'Tis Finish'd*, this where e'er I come,
 To Sinners I will tell ;
 Sinners the Lamb has bore your doom,
 To save your Souls from Hell.

XLVI.

- 1 **THE** declaration of the Lamb,
 To guilty Souls is still the same ;
"Whoe'er believes shall saved be,
"And have eternal Life most free.
- 2 Come to the Sav'our as you are,
 Believing what he doth declare ;
 You must not bring your Works at all,
 Come Guilty, Naked, Strip'd of all.
- 3 For *Linsy-Woolsy* will not do,
 It must be Christ alone for you ;
 Christ and your Works will ne'er agree,
 Nor can you that way saved be.
- 4 Christ's blessed Gospel doth declare,
 He is a Right'ousness most fair ;
 His perfect Blood did full atone ;
 Salvation is in Christ alone.
- 5 Whoe'er this precious *Truth* believes,
 Eternal Life he straight receives ;
 In Christ he's Right'ous, Fair and Free,
 And set at perfect Liberty.

XLVII.

- 1 **HOW** Beautiful upon the Moun-
 Are they who Peace proclaim,
 To Sinners through the Sacrifice,
 Of Jesus Christ the Lamb.

- 2 To Captives, freedom they do found,
And the Glad-tidings tell,
For Sinners, God a Ransom found,
To save their Souls from Hell.
- 3 The bleeding *Love* of Christ the Lamb,
Doth sturdy Rebels draw,
To seek Salvation in his Name,
And not the fiery Law.
- 4 Then let the Sons of Terror preach,
And *Sinai's Law* proclaim :
We will no other Doctrine teach,
But *Jesus Christ the Lamb*.

XLVIII.

- 1 DEAR Lamb we'll praise thy matchless Love,
Nought can with it compare,
'Twas this that brought thee from above,
Our Sins and Curse to bear.
- 2 'Twas Love that mov'd our Lamb to bleed,
Upon the shameful Tree,
And suffer in our Room and Stead
To set the Guilty Free.
- 3 'Tis Love that pleads our Cause Above,
Before our Father's Throne ;
And we supported are by Love,
The Love of Christ the Son.
- 4 While we are on this raging Sea,
Love will our Pilot prove,
And keep us from the Rocks quite free,
Till we land safe above.
- 5 This Love unchangeable and free,
The Love of Christ my Lord,
Is a sweet Rest and Shade for me,
Surpassing *Jona's Goard*.

XLIX.

- 1 GLORY to Jesus in the High'st,
Who bled upon the Tree ;
O! view my Soul ! the Heart of Christ,
By *Justice rent* for thee.
- 2 When Justice did demand its Due,
And thou had'st nought to pay,
Thy Sav'our to thy rescue flew,
And down thy Debt did lay.
- 3 O wond'rous Love ! what Care and Pains
He took to set thee free ;
He took thy Bands, and wore thy Chains,
To gain thy Liberty.
- 4 A Slave thou wast, by Sin undone,
But now thou art set free ;
Rais'd from a Dung'on to a Throne,
O blest'd Delivery.
- 5 Immortal Honours to the Lamb,
His Praise I will express ;
Salvation's only in the Name,
Of Christ my Right'ousness.

L.

L 9

- 1 JESUS is my only Hope,
I can't sink with such a Prop ;
Tho' Afflictions me assail,
Christ my Health doth still prevail.
- 2 Tho' I'm oppress'd with Pain,
Jesus Christ is still my Gain ;
Jesus' dying Love I find,
Health and Comfort to my Mind.
- 3 Tho' by night upon my Bed,
I can't rest my weary Head ;

Yet my Soul on Jesu's Breast,
Finds Repose, and sweetest Rest.

4 Welcome Sickness unto me,
Welcome Health as pleaseth Thee ;
Whether I am Sick or Well,
Thou hast me Redeem'd from Hell.

5 Welcome Life, or welcome Death,
I on Christ do live by Faith ;
When my Faith, doth Vision prove,
I shall live with Christ above.

LI.

1 ON thy faithful Word, my Soul doth depend,
For it doth record, thy Love has no end ;
Tho' oft I do vary, Thou still art the same ;
I cannot miscarry, my trust's in thy Name.

2 I've nothing whereon, I dare to rely ;
But Jesus alone, who for me did die,
I see in his Passion, my Sins put away ;
He is my Salvation, I'll Trust him each Day.

3 Tho' I'm nought but sin, I still may be bold,
My Jesus to claim ; Thy Word has me told,
I'm Perfect and Holy, in Jesus my God,
And Sanctify'd wholly, by his precious Blood.

4 Then prais'd be his Name, for Heav'n I'm meet ;
In Jesus the Lamb, I now am Compleat ;
And 'till my dear Sav'our, shall call me away,
I'll rest in his Favour, by night and by day.

LII.

1 BRETHREN join with me to sing,
Praise to Christ our royal King ;
As to Glory on ye move,
Praise the Lamb's redeeming Love.

- 2 View the wond'rous Mercy great,
That has chang'd our wretched State
This brought Jesus from Above,
To display *redeeming Love*.
- 3 To this Love, our Joys we owe,
This our Comfort here below ;
We a lasting Pleasure prove,
In the Lamb's *redeeming Love*.
- 4 Not our Works, nor our good Frame,
But the Lamb alone we Name ;
From all Self, we'll freely rove,
And embrace *redeeming Love*.
- 5 Christ hath never-failing Charms,
We are safe in Jesu's Arms,
While on earth, and when above,
We will praise *redeeming Love*.

LIII.

- 1 IMMORTAL Glory to the Lamb,
For he is all to me ;
All that I want is in his Name
And all is giv'n free,
- 2 Christ is my Holiness and Peace,
Christ is my Right'ousness ;
Christ is my only Hiding place,
That screens me from distress.
- 3 Christ's my Redeemer, and my Strength,
My Glory, and my Rest ;
Christ is my Wisdom, and my Health
And in him I am bless'd.
- 4 Christ is my Life, my Hope, my Head,
My Brother, and my Friend ;
My strong Support, my living Bread,
Whose goodness has no end.

- 5 Whate'er Discouragements obtrude,
 My Christ will answer all ;
 My Trust is in a faithful God,
 And there I cannot fall.

LIV.

- 1 GREAT God! who sits on Mercy's Throne,
 And views us in thy Son ;
 We've heard thy blessed word alone,
 That tells what he has done.
- 2 May we attend to what Word,
 Declareth for our good ;
 And praise our dear redeeming Lord
 Who, for us shed his Blood.
- 3 May his great Agony, and Wounds,
 His last expiring Cry ;
 Be the sweet Springs, whence joy abounds
 When we are call'd to die.

LV.

- 1 COME you happy Congregation,
 Join to praise the bleeding Lamb ;
 He alone, is our Salvation,
 And by him our freedom came ;
 He alone has us redeemed,
 And we are by him esteemed
 With his Blood,
 To our God,
 He us Sanctified.
- All our Sins, they are forgiv'n,
 And in him we're meet for Heav'n.
- 2 Let us boldly own our Sav'our,
 Tho we are despised here ;
 For his sake, we scorn the favour,
 Of this World ; nor will we fear ;
 Tho' our Foes are full of Fury,

And shall stand,
In his Hand ;
Spite of Sin and Satan ;
Nor shall Antichrist confound us,
Tho' his Agents swarm around us.

- 3 Christ the Sav'our is our Armour,
And our Weapons are all found,
This makes all our Foes to murmur,
'Cause with Truth we're girded round ;
Devils rage, each Agent Thunders,
'Gainst the Truth by lying wonders ;
"Say the Lamb,
"Never Came,
"For to save the Guilty ;
(And against the Truth cry loudly,)
"God will only save the Holy.

- 4 This fly way of Truth perverting,
Many willingly embrace ;
In themselves eagerly searching,
For a holiness, and grace ;
To obtain Jehovah's Favour,
Hard they Work, and Toil, and Labour,
All their days ;
In these ways
Hope to win a Heav'n ;
And rewarded be for ever,
For their *holy works, and labour.*

- 5 But the Gospel tells us Plainly,
We're Compleat in Christ alone ;
Guilty Sinners are made Holy,
In our Sav'our Christ. the Son ;
Here the Father is well-pleased,
We from ev'ry Sin released,
Right'ous made
In our Head,
We shall have a Heav'n

As the gift of God through Jesus,
And this Gift, will fully please us.

LVI.

Composed to be sung at the Funeral of Dorothy Shuttlewood, (an amiable young Woman, Aged 25 years,) who was struck dead by a flash of Lightning on Sunday evening, the 21st. of June 1789.

Adapted to a funeral Sermon preached upon the awful occasion, by the Author, from Job, XXXVII. 2. 3.

- 1 JEHOVAH speaks, Mortals give ear,
His *Thunders* strike the World with awe ;
For Sinai's Mount was mov'd with fear,
When He proclaim'd the fiery Law.
- 2 The Lord directs through the whole heav'n,
His rolling *Thunders*, where to fly ;
Attention to the Sound be giv'n,
Who utter'd through a dark'ned sky.
- 3 His *Lightnings* flash from Pole to Pole,
And Mortals lay in instant Death ;
His sov'reign Hand directs the whole,
To work his pleasure on the Earth.
- 4 While the keen Flash and awful Sound,
The solemn Admonitions give :
JEHOVAH speaks to heal your Wound,
And in the Gospel bids you live.
- 5 His Voice directs you to his Son,
Who bled for Sinners on the Tree ;
And there for Sin did full atone,
To set your Souls at Liberty.
- 6 O hearken to your tender God,
Believe on him who for you dy'd ;
Then should his *Ligh'nings* fly abroad,
Your Souls will not be terrify'd.

- 7 In Christ you'll Consolations find,
Surpassing all this World affords,
Delpise her Vanities ; and Mind,
They're only safe that are the Lord's.
- 8 Yes,—they are safe who in the Lamb,
Have taken up their Resting-place ;
Tho' *Thunders* roll, and *Lightnings* flame,
Their Souls are safe in heav'nly Grace.

LVII.

- 1 O my dear and only Sav'our,
Thou art more than Life to me ;
Thy dear Love and dying Favour,
Has secur'd my Liberty :
To the Lamb I owe my Freedom,
He has fully paid my Debt,
His dear blood became my Ransom :
And in him I am Compleat.
- 2 Sion is Jehovah's Mountain,
There his Trees most pleasant grow,
My dear Lamb is her sweet Fountain,
Whence the Springs of Comfort flow :
There I dwell in solid Pleasure,
And enjoy a lasting Peace ;
Sion's King is my dear Treasure,
Rich in Mercy, Love and Grace.
- 3 Sons of Sion sing with pleasure,
Tune your Voices in his Praise ;
His free Mercy without Measure,
Is the Subject of our Lays ;
To the Lamb we owe each Favour,
We are now enjoying here ;
Peace, and Life for ever,
Through his Sacrifice so dear,

- 4 Soon the Lamb, will on Mount Sion,
Stand amidst his Favour'd Train ;
Judah shall behold her Lion.
In the brightest Glory reign ;
Israel's Jesus will discover,
All the Glory of his Wounds ;
And our dear and faithful Lover,
Then will give our sev'ral Crowns,

LVIII.

Psalm 89. 15, 16.

- 1 HOW bless'd and happy they who know,
The Gospel's joyful Sound,
Their Peace doth like a River flow,
They're with Salvation Crown'd.
- 2 Jesus that lovely charming Name,
Does all their Fears remove ;
They feast upon the pascal Lamb,
And bless his dying Love.
- 3 They walk in Christ, their glorious Light,
And see his shining Face ;
They know no Darkness, nor can Night
Eclipse his smiling Grace.
- 4 No Fears, nor Sorrows them Oppress,
They evermore rejoice ;
In Christ the Lord their Right'ousness,
And know their Shepherd's Voice.
- 5 They are but Strangers here below,
Christ is their Resting-place ;
Nothing but Jesus will they know,
For they are Sav'd by Grace.
- 6 E'er long they shall exalted stand,
In God's own Right'ousness ;

And take their Seats at Christ's right hand,
In everlasting Bliss.

LIX.

- 1 *HO!* ye that Thirst for Happiness,
Come to the Springs of Life ;
Here you may quench your raging Thirst,
And end your fruitless Strife.
- 2 All this vain World's engaging Charms,
Can't yield your Souls supply ;
Her Streams are with strong Poison mix'd,
And they who drink must die.
- 3 Nor can her most delicious Treats,
Afford you wholesome Food,
There's Death in all her sav'ry Meats,
So, they can't do you good.
- 4 Why do ye *Work and Toil* in vain,
For that which is not Bread ;
And spend your strength in search of pain,
That strikes your Comforts dead.
- 5 *Ho!* hearken to your tender God,
And be the Sav'our's Guest ;
Infinite Goodness spreads the Board,
With a delicious Feast.
- 6 A Feast of Marrow and fat Things,
No Cost our God has spar'd,
The Fatlings are already kill'd,
The Sacrifice prepar'd.
- 7 Wines well refin'd are poured out,
The *Sav'our's precious Blood* ;
And you're *Invited*, without doubt ;
To feast on all that's Good.

8 No Works, nor Labours of your own,
Nor Money need you bring ;
All is prepar'd in God's own Son,
And giv'n by the King.

9 The *Invitation* now receive,
Sinners it is to you ;
All that in Christ the Lord believe,
Shall endless Comfort know.

LX,

1 SINGING long has been employ'd,
Unto Satan's Pleasure ;
And true Harmony destroy'd,
By each delusive Measure :
Drunken, Lude and Light the Lay,
To the Soul's undoing,
Often Chants the gilded way,
Down to Eternal Ruin.

2 If you're fond of Harmony,
Tune a Sacred Sonnet ;
Jesu's Love's a subject free,
Then freely dwell upon it ;
This the life of Music is,
This the softest Measure,
This will fill your Minds with Bliss,
And yield the sweetest Pleasure.

3 Can you Beauty e'er admire,
'Tis compleat in Jesus ;
Nymys and Swains of warm desire,
Here's Joys enough to please us
Pardon'd Guilt, and Peace with God,
Right'ousness and Glory ;
Through the Lamb, who shed his Blood,
O most delightful Story.

- 4 This sweet Subject never ends,
 'Tis the Joy of Heav'n ;
 Sing of Jesu's Love my Friends,
 To you so freely giv'n :
 Let the Worldlings tune their Songs
 To CÆSAR or to PHILIS ;
 Nobler Praise to Christ belongs,
 And to his Praise I'll Finish.

LXI.

Rev. 5. 5. Weep not, &c.

- 1 **THE** Root of David, now prevails,
 Before his Father's Throne ;
 To take the Book with sev'n Seals,
 And open ev'ry One.
- 2 The Book of Life was Seal'd so fast,
 That none in Heav'n above,
 Could open it, 'Till Christ at last,
 Display'd his Pow'r and Love.
- 3 Not one among the Sons of Men,
 Through all the Earth around ;
 Could us restore to Life again,
 'Till God in Flesh, was found.
- 4 He was a Lion to our Foes,
 But unto us a Lamb ;
 Against our Foes, his fury rose,
 But us he free'd from shame.
- 5 He conquered proud Death and Hell,
 The strong Man arm'd he bound ;
 And bruis'd the Serpent's Head, so well,
 No cure could e'er be found.
- 6 Then did my Sav'our take his Flight,
 Up to the Courts above ;

A God, to reign in Realms of Light,
And everlasting Love.

- 2 When *John* survey'd the shining Throne,
He saw Thy conqu'ring KING,
Weep not, my Soul, but joyful own
The Lamb, and to him sing.

LXII.

Phil. 4. 4. Rejoice in the Lord always, &c.

- 1 REJOICE my Brethren now with me,
In Christ who dy'd upon the Tree ;
When he was pierced with a Spear
He *Finished Transgression* there.
- 2 "I've done my Father's WILL" he cry'd ;
By the which WILL we're Sanctify'd ;
And by the shedding of his Blood,
The Guilty are made nigh to God.
- 3 By Faith I view his tender Heart,
Once pierc'd for me, with keenest Smart ;
And still it flames with Love to me,
How can I chuse but Joyful be ?
- 4 Yea, I will now with Heart and Voice,
In *Jesus Christ* my Lord rejoice ;
Come Brethren, now rejoice with me,
Since the dear Lamb has made us free.
- 5 We're Free, from Law, and Sin, and Hell !
Made Meet, with God in Heav'n to dwell ;
Rejoice again, I say rejoice,
And praise the Lamb with chearful voice.

LXIII.

II. Sam. 22. 23.

- 1 THE Lord is my Rock I cannot be mov'd ;
I fear not a flock, Christ is my Belov'd ;

He is my Foundation, I rest on his Love,
His Oath's my Protection, and that cannot move.

- 2 In God my Fortrefs, I safely do Rest ;
I dread no distress, tho' foes do molest ;
The Walls are Salvation, no breach can be made,
'Tis God's Declaration, then I'm not afraid.
- 3 Deliv'rance I have, from Law, Sin, and Hell ;
In God I am safe, this Truth I can tell ;
'Tho' I'm oft furrounded, and Dangers appear ;
I am not Confounded, for Jesus is near
- 4 The Rock of my Strength, it never can fail,
Through Jesus at length, I'm sure to prevail ;
I stand quite securely, for Christ is my shield,
I'll face my Foes boldly, and never will yield.
- 5 Not in my own Pow'r, the Lord is my Horn
Of Safety ; my Tow'r, I'm safe from the storm ;
Secure in my Refuge, I ever abide,
And dread not a Deluge, with Christ on my side.
- 6 When this silver Cord, is loos'd by Death,
And it please the Lord, to stop up my Breath ;
In Jesus my Sav'our, I then shall be Bless'd
And in my Lord's Favour, Eternally Rest.

LXIV.

- 1 DEAR Lamb of God we blest thy Name,
By thee alone Salvation came ;
Thou hast alone the Wine-Press trod,
And reconciled us to God.
- 2 We blest thee for that precious Stream,
That from thy wounded Body came ;
By that dear Flood, that wash'd away
Our Sins, and keeps us clean each Day.

- 3 We're purg'd and sanctify'd to God,
In the clear Fountain of thy Blood ;
Thy Blood bought Children we appear,
Before our God, from wrinkle clear.
- 4 Tho in our Flesh no good doth dwell,
But in old Adam fit for Hell ;
Yet we're in Christ made perfect free,
And stand in Gospel Liberty.
- 5 Thy Truth we know, that makes us free,
We prove thy Love, and we love thee ;
We Glory give to God alone,
While we believe in his dear Son.
- 6 Praise to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost ; God only One ;
In Office Three ; to save the Lost,
We in thy Name alone will boast.

LXV.

Phil. 2. 12, 13,

- 1 JESUS Christ is our Salvation,
Him the Father freely gave ;
This is God's own Declaration,
"Jesus came the Lost to save."
He's our own,
Ev'ry one,
That believeth hath the Son.
- 2 Those who are God's Truth denying,
By some self-invented Scheme ;
God's Salvation are defying,
And set up some other name,
They despise
Th' Sacrifice,
And those who do it highly prize.

- 3 Tho' we Die for our Salvation,
 We will freely work it out ;
 And declare to ev'ry Nation
 Christ's our Sav'our without doubt,
 So will we,
 Suffer free,
 Rather than give up this Plea.
- 4 We will always Fear and Tremble,
 Any Doctrine to embrace ;
 Man devises to resemble,
 The pure Gospel of God's Grace.
 We'll not dare,
 Lend an Ear ;
 Thus we manifest true Fear.
- 5 God's pure Truth, while thus maintaining,
 Works in us to Will and Do ;
 God by this is us restraining,
 All he works in us is True :
 Thus secur'd,
 By the Lord,
 We hold fast his blessed Word.
- 6 We have got the *Mind of Heav'n*,
 Plainly, in the written WORD ;
 This great Record's to us giv'n,
 By our all adored Lord ;
 This hold fast
 'Till the last,
 And our Joys will never blast.

LXVI.

John 12. 46, 47, 48.

- 1 BEHOLD the glor'ous Light appear'd,
 Jesus the Lord came down ;

To turn our darkness into Day,
And to reverse our Doom.

2 And all that do on him believe,
Walk in this glorious Light ;
Their Souls, he doth for e'er relieve,
From Nature's gloomy Night.

3 He came, not to Condemn the World,
But Sinners Lost, to save ;
And all who Trust upon the Lord.
Eternal Life shall have.

4 But all who do reject this Light,
In darkness must remain ;
Altho' their Works appear so bright,
Before the Sons of Men.

5 Such as despise his blessed WORD,
Must to the Judgment come ;
At the last Day, before the Lord,
To hear their final Doom.

6 'Twill be in vain, for them to plead,
The good Works they have done ;
Who have despised God's blessed word
And rejected his Son.

7 Their schemes religious, or their Creeds,
Will have no power there ;
Their pious and their holy Deeds
Will vanish into Air.

8 'Tis by the perfect Gospel word,
That they shall Judged be ;
And be accursed from the Lord,
That don't with that agree.

9 The Judge will only them approve,
Who keep his WORD entire ;

But those, who other Doctrines love,
Shall burn in quenchless Fire.

LXVII.

Parting with a Minister.

- 1 FAREWELL, dear Servant of the Church,
And Friend of Christ the Lamb;
We bear you on our Hearts, and we
Commend you to his Name;
Where'er his Providence shall guide
Your Steps; to preach his Word;
May many Souls be brought to know,
The Gospel of the Lord.
- 2 And may our Brethren, where you go,
Receive you free, in Love;
For the Truth's sake, which you declare,
And which their Minds approve,
May you together Happy be,
And mutu'llly accord;
And all your Minds in Truth agree,
To bless our dearest Lord.
- 3 And when our Sav'our sends you here,
We'll thank him for his care;
And glad his blessed word we'll hear,
While you the same declare.
'Till you by Death shall be remov'd,
And all your Labours end;
We'll love you for that blessed Truth,
And own you, as our Friend.

LXVIII.

- 1 GOD of unexampled Love,
Thy Mercy I'll adore;
Thou did'st come from Heav'n above
Lost Sinners to restore:

Heav'nly Mercy thou didst shew,
Flowing in the fullest Tide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus Crucify'd

2 Through thy purple Veins I see,
My Peace and Pardon came;
Thou hast set the Sinner free,
From Guilt, and Fear, and Shame.
Thou didst bear my Sin and Woe,
When in blood thy Robe was dy'd;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus Crucify'd.

3 God the Father is well pleas'd
In his beloved Son;
And in him my Soul is eas'd;
Who sav'd me when undone.
This God's blessed Word doth shew,
An with it I am satisfy'd;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus Crucify'd

4 I'll holdfast God's blessed Word,
Tho' I may suffer here;
Strength'n'd by my gracious Lord,
I will not yield to Fear;
Suff'ring Faith will brighter glow,
Than Gold, when in a furnace Try'd.
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus Crucify'd.

LXIX.

John 14. 9, 10.

3 JEHOVAH Jesus great I AM,
Thy GOD-HEAD we adore;
Thou wast before old Abraham,
And shall be evermore.

- 2 Thou art the all creating GOD,
That fram'd the Universe;
And by the sanction of thy Nod,
Thou, Nature canst reverse.
- 3 *The everlasting Father thou,*
The glorious Prince of Peace;
Thou art our Wisdom and our Strength,
The Lord our Righteousness.
- 4 We know thee, *blessed Nazarene,*
And own thee for our God,
As well as *Prophet, Priest and King,*
A Sav'our thou, by blood.
- 5 Thou art the *Everlasting Word,*
Made *Flesh* for guilty Man;
And in that *Flesh* an Off'ring made,
To put away our Sin.
- 6 We have no other God but thee;
This Truth we will maintain,
'Till we, thy glorious Face shall see,
Thou Lamb for Sinners slain.

LXX.

A Dialogue from Gal. 4. 13.

- 1 COME Sisters join to praise the Lamb,
If you're of Abraham's Seed;
Yea we of the Free-Woman came,
And are from Bondage freed.
- 2 Are you then Heirs by Promise made,
And Children of the Lord?
Yea we are born again, by the
Incorruptable Word.
- 3 Then you're not Children of the Flesh,
Nor subject to the Law?

No---we're of the new Covenant,
And thence our freedom draw.

4 Pray how did you this freedom get,
Was it by Works, or Faith ?
'Twas not by Works, but by what God
In his Word to us saith.

5 What are you quite free from the Law,
In all its forms and Drefs ?
The Law has nought to do with us,
For Christ's our Right'ousness.

6 Pray may you live just as you please,
In Vanity and Sin ?
No,---how can we that's Dead thereto,
Delight ourselves therein.

7 What are you Marr'ed to the Lamb,
And dead unto the Law ?
Yes, Christ's our Husband and our Head,
From him we Comfort draw.

8 Then in his Love you dwell each Day,
And live in Joy and Peace ;
By him we're kept from Errors way,
In Liberty and Blifs.

9 Hail happy Sisters ! we love you,
In Truth's Sincerity ;
Brethren you are by us belov'd,
Because in Christ you're free.

10 Then let us all move on in Love,
And God's pure Truth hold fast ;
Tho' we should Seal it with our Blood,
And Die for it at Last.

LXXI.

Isa. 49. 15, 16.

JESUS unchangeable and true,
Thy goodness has no end ;

In thee my Lamb I ever view,
A true and faithful Friend.

- 2 Tho' oft I vary in my Frame,
My Comforts oft' decline ;
My Trust is always in thy Name,
I prove thine Aid divine.
- 3 Tho' strong Temptations me furround,
And I am fiercely try'd ;
Thy Consolations doth abound,
So I'm not terrify'd.
- 4 Tho' Mothers, monsters may become,
Their sucking Babes forget,
And leave the Infants of their Womb,
To want, and pine, and fret.
- 5 Yet, God does ever mindful prove
Of me, tho' poor and weak ;
And bears me in his Arms of love,
And ne'er will me forsake.
- 6 By Faith I view, thy pierced Hands
Where I engrav'n am :
My Wall of safety always stands,
Before my dying Lamb.
- 7 The lofty Hills may soon depart,
The Mountains soon decay ;
But my dear Sav'our's loving Heart,
Can ne'er be turn'd away.
- 8 O ! what a faithful God we have,
We'll blest and praise his Name,
Below,—and when beyond the Grave,
In blest'd Jerusalem.

LXXII.

Give to the Lord a joyful Song;
And all your Honours bring;

To Judah's Lion they belong,
For he is Sion's King.

- 2 The royal Sceptre of *Free-Grace*,
Is held in Jesu's hand;
We may approach his smiling Face,
And in his presence stand.
- 3 His Temples once beset with Thorns,
Now wear a glor'ous Crown ;
Sorrows and Death the Victor scorns,
Tho' once they bow'd him down.
- 4 His princely Garments wash'd in Wine,
Display a purple Hue ;
Dy'd in his Blood ; Through Love divine
For me, my Friends and you.
- 5 Through that dear Blood our Sav'our shed ,
We're clean from ev'ry Sin ;
And since we are unto it dead,
We'll live no more therein.
- 6 But we will live unto our King,
And own his royal Sway :
His Love and Honour we will sing,
When all things here decay.

LXXII.

Hosea, 14. 5. I will be as the Dew unto Israel, &c.

- 1 AS silver Dew-drops in the Morn,
Refresh the Glebe and growing Corn,
And cool the parching Soil ;
So is the Lord to Israel,
And makes the pastures where they dwell,
Rich with refreshing Oil.

- 2 Planted by the Right-Hand of God,
In Christ the Vine we spread abroad

And grow up into Him ;
 Who is our Head, our Life, our Joy,
 Our Root ; we never can be dry,
 Since he's of Dew the Spring.

3 In Christ we like the Lilly grow,
 Whose Leaf is white as Salmon's Snow,
 And free from ev'ry stain ;
 So we from Spot and Wrinkle clear,
 Before our God do now appear,
 In Christ, for Sinners slain.

4 As the strong Oaks of Lebanon,
 We're rooted well in Christ the Son,
 Who is our All in All ;
 Tho' Storms and Hurricanes arise
 To shake the Earth, the Seas and Skies,
 We ne'er can from him Fall.

LXXIV.

Hosea, 14. 6. His Branches shall spread, &c.

1 O Israel ! Church of Christ the Lamb,
 Rejoice and Triumph in his Name ;
 Thou art in Christ the *Olive-Tree*,
 Most lovely, fruitful, fair, and free.

2 Thy growing Branches, they shall spread ;
 With Heav'n's richest Moisture fed ;
 The Love of Jesus Christ the Root,
 Adorns thy Branches with rich Fruit.

3 Thy Beauty's like the *Olive-Tree*,
 The pure Oil olive flows in thee ;
 The Unction of the *Holy-one*,
 The precious *Truth* of Christ the Son.

4 This ev'ry living Branch doth know,
 And taught by this they ever grow

In Knowledge and in Order too,
And thus the truest Beauty shew.

- 5 Thy smell is sweet in Christ the Son,
As the sweet Spice of Lebanon ;
Thou art a Sav'our sweet, to God,
Through the Redeemer's precious Blood.

LXXV.

Solomon's Song, 2. 3, 4, 5, 6.

- 1 BENEATH my Sav'our's lovely Shade,
I sit with great delight,
His Fruit is sweet unto my Taste,
And pleasant to my sight.
- 2 The Heav'nly *Manna* I enjoy,
And freely feed thereon ;
My Meat and Drink, they are the Flesh
And Blood of Christ the Son.
- 3 His Banner o'er me he does spread,
And keeps me free from Harm ;
He guards my poor defenceless Head,
With his almighty arm.
- 4 The Wine from richest Flaggons pour'd
Revives and Comforts me ;
Wine from the Veins of Christ my Lord,
Pout'd out upon the Tree.
- 5 The richest Fruits of heav'nly Love,
A dying Jesus shews ;
I feed thereon, and always prove,
From him my Comfort flows.
- 6 Those Hands that once were tore with Nails,
Do, sinful me, embrace ;
Their pow'r to save it never fails,
And there I rest in peace.

LXXVI.

- 1 SWEET Songs of Love, they sing above,
We'll sing of Love like them ;
Our Voices raise to Jesu's Praise,
In new Jerusalem.
- 2 Cloathed in White, and shining bright,
Garments of Right'ousness ;
Girdles of Gold, our Loins do hold,
And bind on our rich Dress.
- 3 We view before the Throne the Sea
Of Glâs, as Chrystal clear ;
The Blood of Christ, our great high-Priest,
In which we are wash'd Fair.
- 4 Soon we shall touch the *Golden Harps*,
With wire immortal strung;
And ceaseless sing unto our King ;
Our Theme, the *Lamb's new Song*.

LXXVII.

- 1 ALL ye cherubic Trains above,
In silence now remain ;
None can set forth *Jehovah's Love*,
But Jesus for us slain.
 - 2 The Father's Love to sinners is
So great, that none can know
Its boundless Height, but Jesus Christ,
And he this Love doth shew.
 - 3 The brightness of the Father's Grace
We no where else can see ;
In the lovely Sav'our's Face,
We are all marr'd for you and me.
- Ye Sinners, come, behold the Love,
That Jesus has made known.

When he laid down his Life, to raise
Us sinners to a Throne.

- 5 Attend unto the Gospel call,
Believe the Record true;
That, tells you, *Jesús dy'd to save*
Lost Sinners, such as you.
- 6 Herein is Love, we lov'd not God,
But God first loved us;
And sent his Son to shed his Blood,
And free us from the Curse.
- 7 Let us adore this boundless Love,
And sing of it always ;
It freely flows from Christ our Lord,
The Fountain-head of Grace.

LXXVIII,

Psalms, 1. 1, 2, 2.

- 1 BLESSED's the Man that doth not walk,
In Counsel, where th' Ungodly talk ;
Nor standeth in the Sinner's way,
Nor where the scornful bear the sway.
- 2 *This blessed Man is Christ the Lord,*
By wicked *Pharisees* abhor'd ;
Who in their Counsels, did condemn,
This Man, whose WORD reprov'd them.
- 3 Jehovah's Law was his delight,
To think upon by Day and Night ;
This Law he has to us made known,
Salvation in himself alone.
- 4 He like a pleasant Tree did grow,
Planted by where the Rivers flow ?
Nor could their Rage, destroy the Root,
Nor e'er prevent its bearing Fruit.

- 5 Whate'er he did, it prosper'd well,
It wounded Satan, Death, and Hell ;
Put Sin away, Justice appeas'd,
The Sinner sav'd ; and God well pleas'd.
- 6 Then to this blessed Man I'll sing,
For he's my Prophet, Priest, and King ;
Tho' *Pharisees* my Christ reject,
'Tis him alone I will respect.

LXXIX.

Psalms 1. 3, 4, 5, 6.

- 1 **WHATE'ER** the Sav'our did was right,
It Prosper'd, and gave great Delight
To God, who made his Goodness known ;
As pleas'd in his *beloved Son*.
- 2 Not so the ungodly Sons of pride,
Who do the Sa'vour Christ deride ;
And say that *Christ alone*, wont do ;
Without their *Works* and *Virtues* too.
- 3 But when before the Lord they came,
To hear their last and dreadful Doom ;
He'll drive them from his presence then,
As Chaff is driven from the Fan.
- 4 Proud Pharisees can never stand,
In Judgment at the Lord's right Hand ;
Nor join his Congregation there,
But sink in Darkness and Despair.
- 5 Thus must they *Perish*, and their way
Of *Works* and *Virtues* in that day.
The Lost are sav'd ; and God doth know
Christ is the Way and Sav'our too.
- 6 So we are taught in God's blest'd Word,
To trust alone on Christ the Lord ;
On Christ the Lord alone we'll Trust,
And there we never can be Lost.

LXXX.

Cor. i. 5, 7.

- 1 O Lamb our pascal Sacrifice !
Our hearts delight in thee ;
Tho' thou wast taken from the Flock,
Thou wast from blemish free.
- 2 Thy precious Flesh that roasted was
Before the hottest Flame ;
We eat, and ne'er can hunger more,
All Glory to thy Name.
- 3 Thy precious Blood most pow'rful is,
Before the Throne above ;
And through the virtues of thy Cross,
It is a Throne of Love.
- 4 'Twas sprinkled o'er the fiery Law,
And took away its Curse ;
It answers ev'ry Breach and Flaw,
The Law receiv'd by us,
- 5 'Tis sprinkled o'er our Consciences,
And brings a lasting Peace ;
It cleanses from all things amiss ;
And doth our conscience ease.
- 6 Should the destroying Angel come,
And Egypt's first born slain ;
Isr'el is safe, Christ's Blood's the Sign,
That turns the Sword away,
- 7 We're past from Egypt, and are free
From the oppressing Yoke ;
In Christ we are at Liberty,
And every fetter's broke.
- 8 This pascal Lamb we'll ne'er forget,
But still Commemorate ;
His Agony and bloody Sweat,
His Divine Love so great.

- 9 Christ is our Pasca, we'll rejoice,
And Hallelujah sing ;
Egypt must weep with mournful Voice,
But we'll adore our King.

LXXXI.

1 *John 2. 15, 16, Love not the World, &c.*

- 1 O Lovely Jesus thou art mine,
I feast upon thy Love divine ;
Thy dying Love, I prove so sweet,
I tread the World beneath my Feet.
- 2 Foolish and base her empty Toys,
They can't afford substantial Joys ;
Her pleasing Baites are all a snare,
Not worthy of a Christian's Care
- 3 Her Honours are but empty pride,
For if the least mischance betide ;
They swiftly vanish end in Gall,
And down her Sons to ruin fall.
- 4 Her sordid Wealth's a treach'rous snare,
Who courts it with an anxious Care ;
Is Poor, and Wretched, Mean and Base,
And Hell's the Miser's dwelling-place.
- 5 What are her Pleasures ? Airy Charms,
Luxurious Dreams, in Satan's Arms ;
Poor empty visionary Joys,
That seem to cherish, yet destroys.
- 6 Her Holy and religious Dress,
Is self-created Righteousness ;
She's all a cheat, without, within,
A gilded Harlot, all unclean.
- My Soul ? her secret come not near.
Mine Honour don't unite to her ;

Count the Affliction of the Cross,
Thy Gain, and all the World but loss.

- 8 Jesus has most delightful Charms,
I rest securely in his Arms :
All *worldly succours* I deride,
Since by the Lamb, I am supply'd.

LXXXII.

*Compos'd to be sung at the Funeral of John Preston,
Sen. who was many Years, Deacon of the Church at Sile-
by in Leicestershire.*

- 1 GONE is my Friend, for ever gone,
From this dark Vale of Grief and Tears ;
His Soul has put full Glory on,
Beyond the reach of mortal Cares.
- 2 While in the Flesh he did abide,
He view'd the bleeding Sav'our's Cross ;
Bless'd the dear Lamb, who for him dy'd
And counted all things else but Loss.
- 3 From Guilt, and fear of Death or shame,
His Covert was the Lamb's bless'd wounds ;
He own'd no other Pow'r or name,
But Jesus, where *Free-Grace* abounds.
- 4 This Name, inspires his Songs above,
To strains immortal loud they rise ;
Before the Lamb who did him love,
He sounds Hosannah through the skies.
- 5 Soon may we drop this Veil of Clay,
And on the Wings of heav'nly Love ;
By pow'r divine be caught away,
To join with the Redeem'd above.
- 6 Come dearest Lord, O quickly come !
And claim the purchase of thy Blood ;

O take thy longing Children Home,
To rest for ever with their God.

LXXXIII,
For Easter Day.

- 1 YE Saints behold the virgin Tomb,
Where Jesu's Body lay ;
'Tis broke, and from his dusty Womb,
He rose on the third Day.
- 2 In vain, the *Roman Cæsar's Seal*,
Or the blood-guilty Band
An Angel roll'd away the Stone,
In spite of their Command.
- 3 The Dusty Grave, or angry Death,
Could not the Lord detain ;
'Tho they had pow'r awhile to bind
He soon broke ev'ry Chain.
- 4 He rose Triumphant o'er our Foes,
And open'd out a way ;
To bring our slumb'ring Dust again,
At the great rising Day.
- 5 'Twill be a most delightful day,
When we shall rise to see ;
Our Sav'our cloth'd in bright Array,
Of Love and Majesty
- 6 Then shall the happy kindred Throng,
Unite to part no more ;
And in a never-ending Song,
Our Sav'our Christ adore.

LXXXIV.

The same.

22

COME and Commemorate the Day,
The lovely Jesus 'rose,

And bless and praise, the mighty pow'r,
That Triumph'd o'er our Foes.

2 He spoil'd the pow'rs of Death and Hel
When he 'rose from the grave ;
And prov'd himself the pow'rful God,
Almighty for to save.

3 By his own rising from the Dead,
He hath us Justify'd ;
And weare rais'd, in Christ our Head,
Who for us liv'd and dy'd.

4 He is our great High-Priest, before
The precious Mercy's Seat ;
And with his Blood he enter'd in,
To be our advocate.

LXXXV.

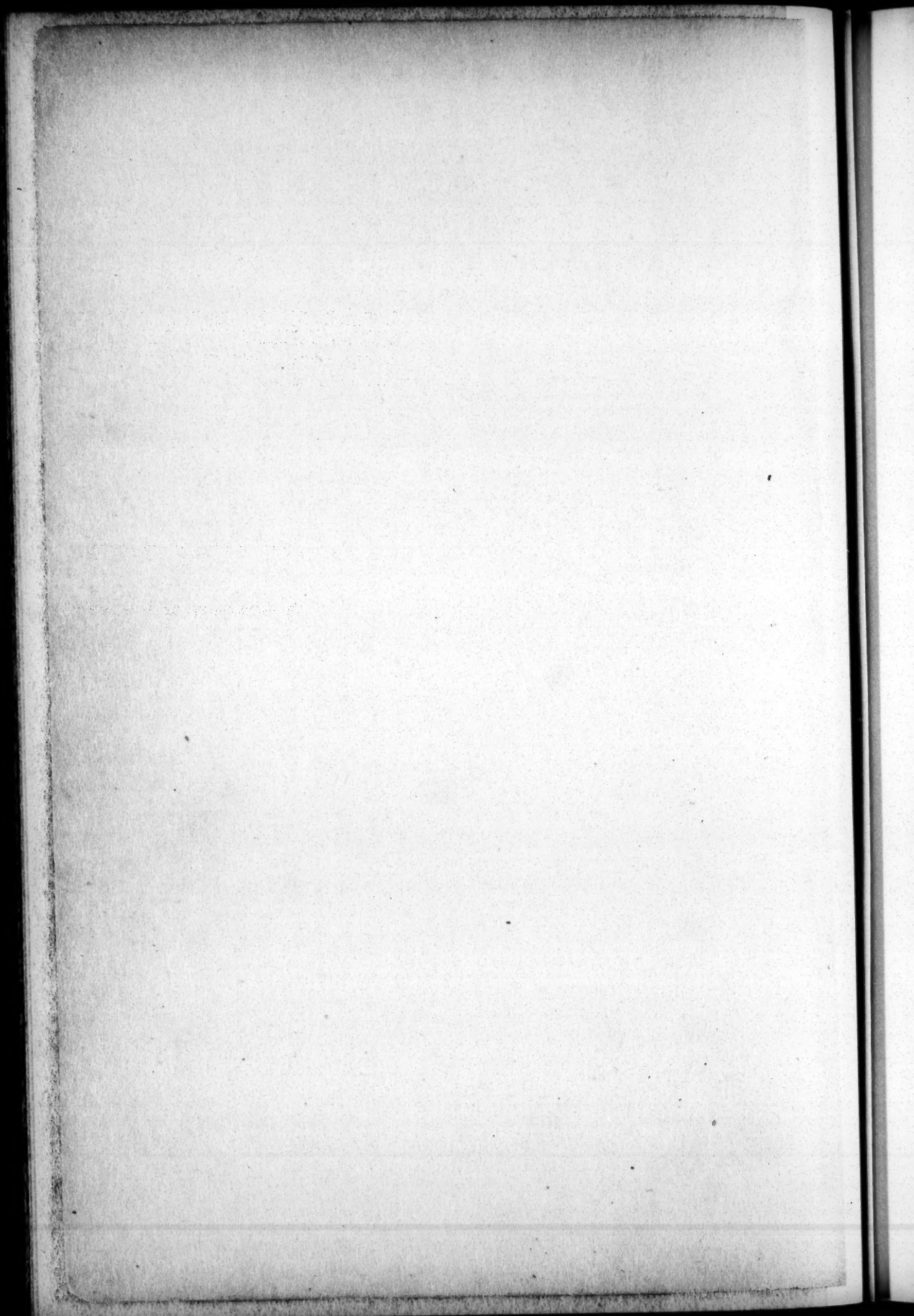
COME let us praise the God of Love,
That fought us when undone ;
And sent *Salvation* from above,
His own beloved Son.

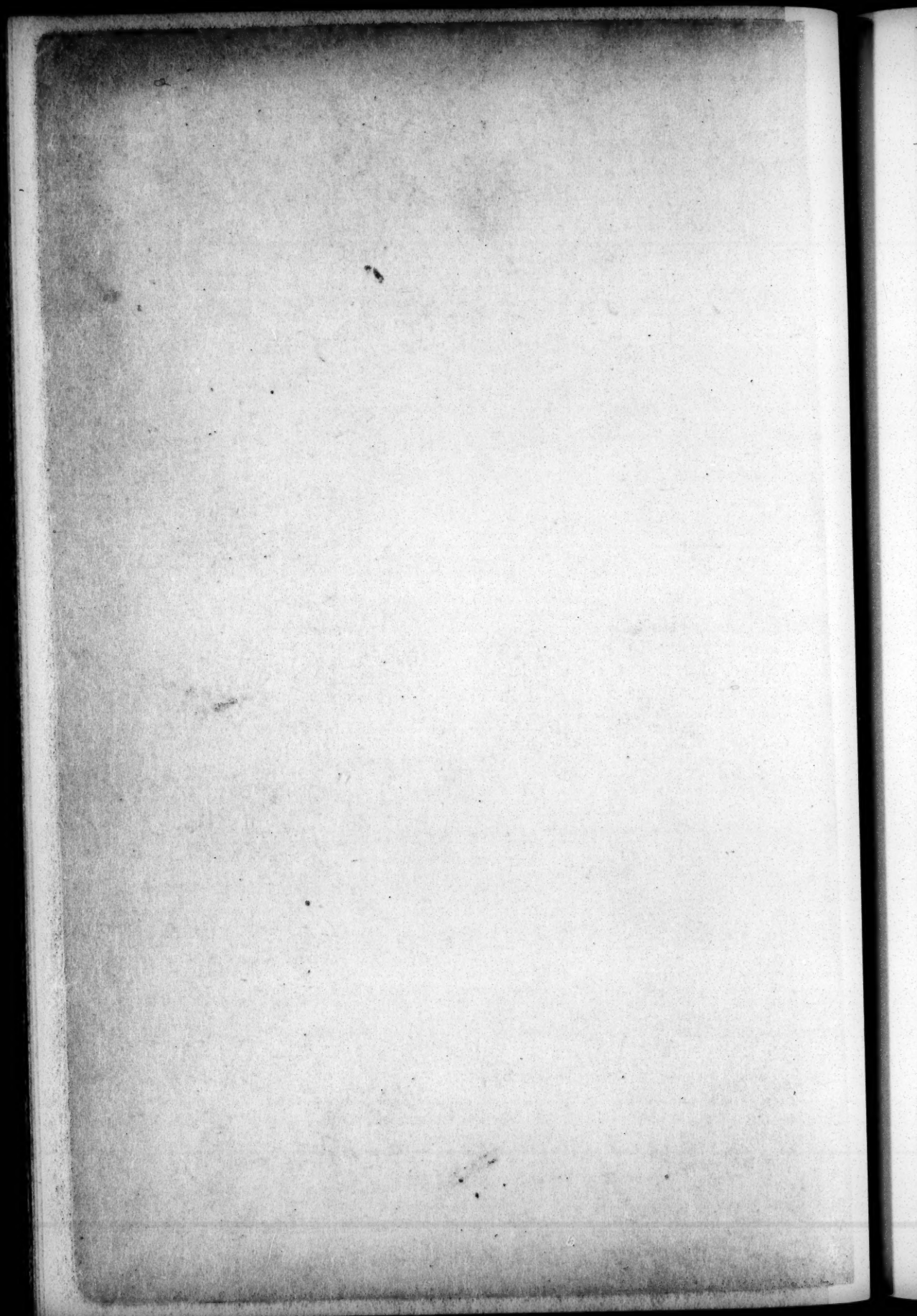
2 Sent him down to shed his Blood,
To wash away our Stain,
To make us *Kings and Priests to God*
That we with him might reign.

3 How wonderful did God display,
Justice, and Mercy, in
The blood of Christ our great High-Priest,
When he aton'd for Sin.

4 'Twas Love, rich Gracious Love indeed,
That flow'd to Sinners free ;
When Christ the Lamb our Sacrifice,
Did bleed upon the Tree.

This Love we prove, and therefore Bless,
And Praise, our tender God ;





1. *Thef. 4. 16. & 5. 4.*

- 1 LO! the Lord of Heav'n descendeth,
Flaming Seraphs shout aloud,
The Archangel glad attendeth,
Blows the mighty Trump of God.
 "Says your HEAD
 "Rise ye Dead,
 You are mine, I for you bled.
- 2 Glad the *blood wash'd Virgin* rises
To ascend with her dear Lord;
Mortal Fetters she despises,
Shakes them off at his dear Word;
 Flies on high
 To the Sky,
 Joins the heav'nly Company.
- 3 The dear *Bride* of Christ our Sav'our,
There appears in *Robes of Light*;
She's array'd by the Lamb's favour
In long *Garments* clean and white,
 Right'ousness
 Is her Dress,
 She no more shall know distress.
- 4 We her Members wait expecting
Soon that blessed Day to see;
Ev'ry Plea besides rejecting,
But the Lamb that made us free;
 We do own
 Christ alone
 Is the *Hope* of ev'ry One.
- 5 In the Lord *Jehovah JESUS*,
We are Children of the Light;
That great Day cannot o'ertake us,
As a Thief that comes by Night;

Void of Fear,
We shall hear
The great Trump, and Christ reverè.

- 6 *Chief of Sinners !* let's be Sober,
Truth's the Girdle of our Loins,
Faith and Love our Breasts still cover,
While we are on earth's confines.

Soon the Lamb
Will us claim,
For *JEHOVAH* is his *NAME*.

- 7 We shall reign with God our Sav'our,
Free from Sorrow, Grief, or Pain ;
Sing the Lamb's new Song for ever,
Praise the Sacrifice once Slain ;

Sound aloud,
By his Blood
He redeemed us to God.

XCI.

- 1 JESUS I love thy charming Name,
It sets my sinful Heart on Flame ;
Thy Love's Immense, divinely Free,
Or it had never reach'd to me.

- 2 The vilest Sinner out of Hell,
Made Meet with God in Heav'n to dwell ;
Compleat in Christ, an Heir of Bliss,
And Right'ous in his Right'ousness.

- 3 Without a single Spot or Stain ;
Not in my Flesh, but in the Lamb :
God doth behold me, Fair and Good
In that white Garment wash'd in Blood.

- 4 This to my dearest Lamb I owe ;
And all my Comforts here below ;
This is my Joy, (whate'er betide,)
For me a Sinner, Jesus dy'd.

- 5 Then, while on Earth I do remain,
My Song shall be the Lamb once slain;
He is my Love, my Lord, my King;
And I delight of him to sing.

XCII.

- 1 BE bold christian *Soldiers* and fight your way thro'
You're call'd out to Action, be Valiant and True;
The Ensign of Jesus is flying abroad,
Fear not, be Courag'ous and Trust in your God.
- 2 Come bind on your Armour, in readiness stand;
Your Captain and Sav'our has gave the Command;
You're sure to withstand the implacable Foe;
For Jesus your Leader will bring you safe through.
- 3 Your *Girdle* is *Truth*, and it's richer than Gold,
Its intrinsic Value can never be told;
Bind up your Loins with it, and boldly march on,
Make Jesus *Jehovah* your strength and your song,
- 4 Your Breasts are well guarded, your *Breast-Plate* is
'Tis right'ousness perfect, in Jesus it's found; [found
'Twill spoil all the Force of the Enemy's darts,
Then fear not their fury they cant wound your hearts
- 5 Your standing is firm, and your Feet are well shod
With Sandals prepar'd by the *Gospel of God*;
In the evil Day, all your Foes boldly face,
They cannot withstand the *lweet Gospel of Peace*.
- 6 Your *Shield* is the Faith in what God has reveal'd,
Keep this on your arm while you stand in the field,
'Twill quench all the fiery Darts of your Foes,
And all their Delusions it quite overthrows.
- Jehovah's* Salvation's the guard of your Head,
'Tis Jesus, who for you on mount *Calv'ry* bled:

*This Helmet preserves you from each subtle Blow,
Designed by Satan for your overthrow.*

- 8 The Sword of the Spirit hold fast in your Hand,
And fight your way through to Emmanuel's Land ;
The *Word of your God* makes the Enemies fly ;
And gives each brave *Soldier* a full *Victory*.
- 9 Then cheer up my brethren we soon shall lay down
Our warfare, and armour, and wear a rich Crown,
The gift of King Jesus to each loyal Soul,
Who follow'd his Ensign in spite of Controul.

XCH.

- 1 THE Lamb, the Lamb is slain,
The Sacrifice we'll bless,
And glory only in the Name
Of Christ our Right'ousness.

- 2 By his One-Offering,
Our Sins he put away ;
To Sanctify, and make us clean,
He down his Life did lay ;

- 3 The Water and the Blood
That from his Body came,
Have this compleated ; that dear Flood,
Preserves us free from blame.

- 4 In Christ our Sacrifice
We ever will rejoice,
And praise the Lamb who for us dy'd ;
With chearful Heart and Voice.

XCIV.

- 1 BLESS'D *Fountain* flowing from the Lamb,
That on mount Calv'ry dy'd ;
For Judah and Jerusalem,
Issu'd the purple Tide.

- 2 The streams of Jordan's not so Good,
To make the Leper clean,
As the dear Streams of Jesu's Blood,
To wash away our Sin.
- 3 Siloam's Streams, Bethseda's Pool,
Ne'er Virtues had like this;
It cures the sick and wounded Soul,
From all things that's amiss.
- 4 This precious *Fountain* ne'er can dry,
It is a Deep profound;
For *Sinners* here's a full Supply
That will for e'er abound.
- 5 Ye Souls unclean, defil'd by Hell;
Come to this *Sea of Love*,
'Twill cure your Wounds, and make you well.
And all your Sins remove.
- 6 Tho' you're the vilest of the Vile,
For such it was prepar'd;
It was the Lost, Christ came to save,
His *WORD* has so declar'd.
- 7 Believe, for you this *Fountain* flow'd,
And plunge into the Tide;
The Wounds of Christ your bleeding God,
Will you from Vengeance hide.
- 8 Here you'll be safe from Death and Hell,
No Wrath shall you affright!
All that in Christ the Sav'our dwell,
Shall reign with him in Light.
- 9 So shall you walk in Robes of white,
Wash'd in the Sav'our's Blood;
And know ineffable Delight,
With your dear Sav'our, God.

XCV.

1 HOW foolish he that seeks
Perfection in the Flesh,
And anxious Labour makes,
In search of empty Trash ;
"When our dear Sav'our says that we
"Can perfect only in him be.

2 We are compleat in him,
In him we're meet for Heav'n,
His Blood has made us clean,
Through it we are forgiven ;
He once without the Gate did die,
By Blood, us for to Sanctify.

3 In Christ we are set free,
From Death, Hell, Law, and Sin ;
Are Sons of Liberty,
Spotless, Holy and Clean ;
No Law or Sin can us condemn,
For we are blameless in the Lamb.

4 When blood of Bulls was shed,
It could not make Men clean,
The off'rings Aron made
Could never save from Sin ;
"Then said the Sav'our Lo ! I come
"To do thy Will, and bear their Doom.

5 By the which Will alone,
We're Sanctify'd and clean,
The Off'ring of the Son
Has put away our Sin ;
And thus he did us Sanctify,
And then sat down with God on High.

6 Ye foolish and unwise,
Fight not against your God ;
No more his Wound despise,

Which tells you that his Blood
Doth cleanse us quite from ev'ry Sin,
Doth keep us Spotless, Holy, Clean.

XCVI.

- 1 IN Hymns of Praise we sing,
The Mercies of our God,
Whose free Salvation flows to Man,
And streams through Earth abroad.
- 2 Jesus the Sinners Friend,
In chearful Love came down ;
From highest Glory did descend
To wear a thorny Crown.
- 3 Upon his guiltless Head
Was charg'd our ev'ry Sin ;
Jesus our Surety for us bled,
To make us perfect clean,
- 4 Our Peace he fully made,
Upon the Bloody Cross.
And there our dreadful Debt he paid,
When Sacrific'd for us.
- 5 If when his Enemies,
He lov'd our Souls so well,
To bear our Sins and Miseries
In Sorrows deep as Hell.
- 6 What Love will he not shew ?
Now he's enthron'd above ;
To all who know his Voice below,
And follow Christ their Love.
- 7 Then let us forward go,
Tho' here we're fiercely Try'd,
Resolv'd the Lamb alone to know,
Jesus once Crucify'd.

- 8 For soon we shall with him
Appear above the Sky ;
And sing the Lamb did us redeem,
Glory to God on High.

XCVII.

- 1 **THOSE** who Perfection in the Flesh
Do seek, must seek in vain ;
'Tis antiscript'ral empty Trash,
That ends in Loss and Pain.
- 2 But yet how fond is fallen Man,
Of some inherent Good,
To recommend him to the Eye
And favour of our God.
- Likewise by pious *Works and Tears*
And Prayers they hope to gain
Admittance into Heav'n at Last,
And save themselves from Pain.
- 4 But O mistaken Souls beware !
Lest in this false Conceit,
You sink to Hell ; then Satan's Snare
Appears, when 'tis too late.
- 5 You ne'er by Goodness can obtain
The Favour of the Lord ;
Could that be done, Christ dy'd in vain,
As faith God's Holy Word.
- 6 Repent you therefore of your ways,
And turn unto the Lord,
By Jesus Christ the only way
Your Souls can be restor'd.
- 7 Christ is the Sav'our, He alone
Can rescue you from Hell ;
'There's no Salvation but in Him,
This Truth to you I tell.

- 8 And all who do on him believe
He'll to the utmost save,
Christ as your Sav'our now receive,
And you shall with him live.

XCVIII.

- 1 WE do renounce our tatter'd Dress,
Our Rags we will not wear ;
In Christ the Lord our Right'ousness,
We Comely are and Fair,
- 2 Comely in him, before our God,
We do profess to be ;
Not in self-right'ousness ; no good
Thing in our Flesh we see.
- 3 But in our Sav'our Christ the Lamb,
We see whate'er is Good ;
We're Perfect, Holy, Clean, in Him,
Since Sanctify'd by blood.
- 4 While others strive to weave a Dress,
By Works that are their own ;
And add their in-wrought Right'ousness,
Then put their Garment on.
- 5 We are content with one that's wrought
Without our Work or pain,
And wear the Robe of God, that's brought
By Jesus for us Slain.
- 6 This is our Dress we do confess,
And all things else disclaim,
But Christ the Lord our Right'ousness,
In whom we're free from Blame.

XCIX

SINNERS, Salvation is by Grace,
And Works excluded are ;

Come Sinners, Christ's a *Hiding-Place*,
And you'll find Safety there.

2 No Price you need bring in your hand,
His Favour to obtain ;
There's room in Christ for you to stand,
Tho' you are nought but Sin.

3 What tho' your Sins are very great,
And of the deepest Dye,
You cannot Perish; *this Retreat*
Is safe ; then to it fly.

4 God, in the Gospel holds out Grace,
To chief of Sinners still,
His royal Proclamation is,
"Come *whosoever will*."

5 Let him come drink the streams of Bliss,
And he shall Thirst no more ;
Come Sinners, Christ the Fountan is
Of Life, of Joy the store.

6 Whoe'er believeth on the Son,
Doth Life and Joy receive ;
Come fellow Sinners, Jesus own,
And you shall ever live.

C.

1 LORD we approach thy gracious Throne,
And find Access through Christ alone ;
We lay our Honours at thy Feet,
And worship at thy Mercy's Seat.

2 We dont presume ourselves to name,
Our *Works*, our *Virtues* nor good Frame ;
All we despise, nor will we own
Ought else ; but Jesus Christ alone.

3 In Christ, we see thy smiling Face,
The brightest Image of thy Grace ;

Thy greatest Glories are made known,
In Christ thy well beloved Son.

4 In him we stand before our God,
The purchase of his precious Blood ;
Children of Love, and Heirs of Bliss,
In Christ the Lord our Right'ousness.

5 When we appear before thy Face,
We will adore thee, God of Grace ;
And own that we are sav'd alone,
By Christ the well beloved Son.

CI.

1 GREAT God, before thy gracious Throne,
Thy Children now are come ;
/ To Praise the dearest Name that's known,
Jesus, who bore our Doom.

2 We praise thee for preserving Care
In every trying Hour ;
We praise thee who has heard our Pray'r,
And kept us by thy Pow'r.

3 We praise thee for thy gracious Word
Which we have heard this Day,
Glad-Tidings from our gracious Lord,
Which takes our Cares away.

4 We praise thee for thy Love and Blood,
Thou *Lord our Right'ousness* ;
Our Hearts shall always praise our God,
Who keeps us from distress.

5 Praise still shall our glad Tongues employ,
And Christ shall be our Theme ;
Till in the Realms of purest Joy,
We sing more sweet of Him.

CII.

- 1 COME Brethren with me,
View the Mercy so free,
That ran streaming from Heav'n through Blood ;
For a ruined Race,
Th' sweet Fountain of Grace
Pour'd out its rich Streams like a Flood.
- 2 When the Lamb on the Tree,
Bled for you and for me,
All our Sorrows and Curse he endur'd ;
With his Love and his Blood
Hath Jesus our God,
Paid the Debt we to Justice incurr'd.
- 3 By his Blood he us Bought,
And a Right'ousness wrought
Quite sufficient to cover us o'er,
From the Law, Death, and Sin ;
We are perfectly clean ;
So the Lamb we will ever adore.
- 4 True Peace we possess
Through the Blood of the Cross,
And our Conscience from Guilt is quite free ;
We'll rejoice in the Lord,
And depend on his Word,
Since the Father through Christ is well pleas'd.
- 5 We'll move on in Love
'Till call'd up above
His fullness of Glory to see ;
Then he'll own his dear Bride,
And sit down by her side,
And her Light, and her Glory he'll be.
- 6 His Glories and Name
Will inspire the Flame,

And his Bride quite enraptur'd shall be;
 Hallelujah she'll sing
 To Jefus her King,
 Through a Glorious Eternity.

CIII.

- 1 COME Sinners attend to the Voice of the Lamb
 Who calls you to Glory, through Faith in his Name
 Believe in our Jesus, he's able to save
 The vilest of Sinners, that in him believe.
- 2 His Mercy is free for a ruined Race,
 His heart is Compassion, and rich is his Grace;
 He offers you Pardon and bids you be free,
 He'll ease your great burden, you happy may be.
- 3 To cloath your poor Souls he has right'ousness free
 A glorious Cov'ring for you, and for me;
 It will hide all our Shame, and an ornament prove
 When we are removed to Mansions above.
- 4 'Till then let's proceed bearing Jesus' Cross,
 And counting all things else, but vain Dung and
 Our glorious Sav'our will soon call us Home; [Dm]
 So we say Amen, Lord Jesus quickly come.

CIV.

- 1 NO more ye Sons of Virtuous Pride,
 Think still, to bribe the Lord,
 By Works and Virtues of your own;
 But hearken to his Word.
- 2 By your own Works you can't obtain
 God's Mercy or his Grace;
 Nor by the Law, can you e'er gain
 A Right'ousness or Peace.
- 3 Your Virtuous and good Deeds may serve
 To help the Sons of Men;

But if from this they're made to swerve,
They're empty all, and vain.

4 But would you Mercy find with God,
Christ is the only WAY;
Mercy comes streaming through his Blood,
To put your Sins away.

5 No other way can you be safe,
God has appointed this;
Then of Self-right'ousness repent,
Or you will Glory miss.

6 The Gospel calls you to repent,
That's turn from Satan's lie;
Believe the Messuage God has sent,
And you shall never die.

7 Come as Lost Sinners, and be sav'd
By Jesus Christ alone;
Cast off your filthy Rags and wear
The Robe of Christ the Son.

8 Then shall you know the happy Life
God's Children do enjoy;
And change your State of legal Strife,
For blifs that cannot Cloy.

9 You'll also love the Sons of Truth,
The Brethren of our Lord;
And all your Virtues then will shine,
According to God's Word.

10 These are the Truths, the Word of God
Points out to fallen Man;
Woe, to the wretched Sons of Pride,
That trifle with this Plan.



AS many of my Friends, by whose desire these Hymns appear in Public have known me from a Youth ; it may not be unacceptable to them, to have from my own Pen, an account of my own State Past, and Present, with the Ground of all my future Hopes.

This I have briefly hinted in the following lines.

O ! What was I, before I knew
 The Truth of Christ my Lord ?
 My Soul be honest and speak true,
 And thy sad state record.
 Polluted and defil'd by Sin,
 Quite prone to every Ill ;
 My thoughts and ways were all unclean,
 And stubborn was my Will :
 I ro'v'd in Pleasures airy Fields,
 And lov'd her paths so well,
 That I ne'er thought the sweet she yields
 Was Poison sent from Hell.
 But when I stop't this wild career,
 And thought there was a God
 Before whose Bar I must appear,
 I fear'd his angry Nod :
 I flew to Moses for relief,
 And ponder'd o'er his Law.
 Expecting there to end my Grief,
 And lasting Comfort draw.
 My old Companions I forsook,
 And left my Pleasures too ;
 To Prayers and Fasting I betook,
 Thinking that these would do ;
 Soon my religious Strictness wrought
 Me up in self conceit,

My right'ous Works, as I them thought,
 For Heav'n must make me meet.
 Self-right'ous Pride and vain Conceit
 Made me despise the Few
 Who stood in Christ alone Compleat,
 And made in him anew.
 False Zeal had so inflam'd my Mind
 Against the Gospel-Word,
 That to it I the Law had join'd ;
 And so withstood the Lord.
 I preach'd a Holy Heart and Life
 As the sure Way to Heav'n ;
 And so promoted legal Strife
 And Pharisaic Leav'n
 Eight Years I in this blindness stood
 And preach'd most Zealously,
 That all who came this way to God
 Would surely Happy be ;
 I join'd the Law with Jesus Christ
 And preach'd a mixed Dress
 Of all my views this was the High'st
 I had of Right'ousness.
 But O ! how wretched was my Case
 When in this State I stood,
 I preached Works ; but not Free-Grace
 That saves by Jesu's Blood,
 Thou know'st dear Lord 'twas Ignorance
 That made me thus to Err ;
 The Creature's Right'ousness t' advance,
 And that,—to thine prefer.
 But O ! the Mercy rich and free
 Of Jesus Christ my Lord ;
 That from each Error set me free,
 And taught me by his Word ;
 To count my former Gain but Loss,
 And trust upon my God,

Through the Work Finish'd on the Cross,
 By Jesus Christ my Lord :
 Yea, doubtless, all things else I count
 But filthy Dung and Dross ;
 The greatest Sum of their amount,
 Comes but to shame and Loss.
 A Naked Sinner poor and lost,
 I came to Christ my Lord,
 Quite Strip'd of ev'ry Plea or Boast.
 But trusting on his Word ;
 His precious *Word* assured me
 Sinners are sav'd alone,
 By him that bled upon the Tree
 Without ought of their own.
 This was such sweet and precious News,
 It made me leap for Joy,
 To hear that Christ would not refuse
 Such a Vile wretch as I.
 I came with all my Guilt and Shame
 Believing my dear Lord,
 He broke my Yoke, and loos'd my Chains
 And me to Life restor'd.
 His Life, his Tears, his Wounds and Death,
 They all belong to me ;
 For I'm in Christ, by living Faith,
 Made Perfect and set free :
 Perfect in Christ (not in my Flesh.)
 In Christ I am Compleat ;
 In Christ I'm Spotless, Holy, Fresh ;
 In Christ, for Glory meet.
 Christ is my Theme, my Joy, my Hope .
 In him is all my Trust :
 I cannot sink with such a Prop
 Tho I return to Dust.
 Jesus is risen from the Dead,
 And when he does appear,

Who is my Life, my Hope, my Head,
 I shall be with him there.
 My Soul and Body shall unite,
 And be with Christ the Lamb,
 When Time is gone, and Day and Night,
 No more shall bear a Name.
 In an eternity of Joy,
 I shall for ever reign;
 And Songs of praise ~~shall~~ employ
 To Jesus for me slain.

FINIS.

H Y M N S,

COLLECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS,

BY EDWARD PYKE,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL

AT SILEBY

IN LEICESTERSHIRE.

I.

103

- 1 LET every mortal Ear attend,
And every Heart rejoice,
The Trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting Voice.
- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry starving Souls,
That feed upon the Wind,
And vainly strive with earthly Joys
To fill an empty Mind.
- 3 Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A Soul-reviving Feast,
And bids your longing Appetites
The rich Provision taste.
- 4 Ho ! ye that pant for living Streams
And pine away and die ;
Here you may quench your raging Thirst
With Springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of Love and Mercy here
In a rich Ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like Floods of Milk and Wine.

- 6 (Ye perishing and naked Poor,
Who work with mighty Pain,
To weave a Garment of your own,
That will not hide your Sin ;
- 7 Come naked and adorn your Souls
In Robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the Labours of his Son
And dy'd in his own Blood.)
- 8 Dear God ! the Treasures of thy Love
Are everlasting Mines,
Deep as our helpless Miseries are,
And boundless as our Sins !
- 9 'The happy Gates of Gospel-Grace
Are open Night and Day :
Thy fullness Lord, is our Supply
And drives our wants away.

II.

- 1 COME let us join our chearful Songs
With Angels round the Throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues,
But all their Joys are one.
- 2 *Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry
To be exalted thus ;
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply'd,
For he was slain for us.*
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and Pow'r divine ;
And Blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the Sky,
And Air and Earth, and Seas,
Unite to raise thy Glories High,
And speak thine endless Praise.

- 5 The new Creation join in one
 To bless thy sacred Name
 Of him that sits upon the Throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

III.

- 1 THE wond'ring World inquires to know
 Why I should love my Jesus so :
 What are his Charms, say they, above
The Objects of a mortal Love?
- 2 Yes, my Beloved, to my Sight
 Shews a sweet Mixture Red and White :
 All human Beauties all Divine,
 In my Beloved meet and shine.
- 3 White is his Soul, from Blemish free ;
 Red with the Blood he shed for me ;
 The fairest of ten thousand Fairs ;
 A Sun among ten thousand Stars.
- 4 (His Head the finest Gold excells ;
 There Wisdom in Perfection Dwells ;
 And Glory like a Crown adorns
 Those Temples once beset with Thorns.
- 5 Compassions in his Heart are found,
 Hard by the signals of his wound :
 His sacred Side no more shall bear
 The cruel Scourge, the piercing Spear.)
- 6 (His Hands are fairer to behold
 Than Diamonds set in Rings of Gold ;
 Those heav'nly Hands that on the Tree
 Were nail'd and torn, and bled for me.
- 7 'Tho' once he bow'd his feeble Knees,
 Loaded with Sins and Agonies,
 Now on the Throne of his Command,
 His Legs like Marble Pillars stand.

- 8 (His Eyes are Majesty and Love,
The Eagle temper'd with the Dove ;
No more shall trickling Sorrows roll
Thro' these dear Windows of his Soul.)
- 9 His Mouth that pour'd out long Complaints,
Now smiles and cheers his feeble Saints ;
His Countenance more graceful is
Than *Lebanon* with all its Trees.
- 10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be lov'd and yet ador'd ;
His Worth if all the Nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

IV.

- 1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his Throne ;
*Mercy and Justice are the Names
By which I will be known.*
- 2 *Ye dying Souls that sit
In Darkness and Distress,
Look from the Borders of the Pit
To my redeeming Grace.*
- 3 Sinners shall hear the Sound ;
Their thankful Tongues shall own,
Our Right'ousness and Strength are found
In thee, the Lord, alone.
- 4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their Guilt forgiv'n ;
God will pronounce the Sinners just,
And take the Saints to Heav'n.

V.

- 1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his Cause,

Maintain the Honour of his *WORD*,
The Glory of his Cross.

- 2 Jesus my God ! I know his Name,
His Name is all my Trust ;
Nor will he put my Soul to shame,
Nor let my Hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his Throne his Promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his Hands,
'Till the decisive Hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless Name,
Before his Father's Face,
And in the *New Jerusalem*
Appoint my Soul a Place.

VI.

- 1 JOIN all the glor'ous Names
Of Wisdom, Love, and Pow'r,
That ever Mortals knew ;
That Angels ever bore :
All are too mean to speak his Worth,
Too mean to set my Sav'our forth.
- 2 But, O what gentle Terms,
What condescending Ways
Doth our *Redeemer* use,
To teach his heav'nly Grace ?
Mine Eyes with Joy and Wonder see
What Forms of Love he bears for me.
- 3 Array'd in mortal Flesh,
He like an Angel stands,
And holds the Promises
And Pardons in his Hands :
Commission'd from his Father's Throne,
To make his Grace to Mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God !
 My Tongue would blefs thy Name ;
 By thee the joyful News
 Of our Salvation came ;
 The joyful News of Sins forgiv'n,
 Of Hell subdu'd, and Peace with Heav'n.

5 I love my Shepherd's Voice,
 His watchful Eye fhall keep
 My wand'ring Soul among
 The Thousands of his Sheep ;
 He feeds his Flock he calls their Names,
 His Bosom bears the tender Lambs.

6 To this dear *Surety's* Hand
 Will I commit my Cause ;
 He answers and fulfils
 His Father's broken Laws.
 Behold my Soul's at Freedom fet,
 My *Surety* paid the dreadful Debt.

7 Jesus my great *High-Priest*,
 Offer'd his Blood and dy'd ;
 My guilty Conscience seeks
 No Sacrifice beside.
 His pow'rful Blood did once atone ;
 And now it pleads before the Throne.

VII.

1 ALAS ! and did my Say'our bleed !
 And did my Sov'reign die ?
 Would he devote his sacred Head
 For fuch a Worm as I ?

2 (Thy Body flain sweet Jesus, thine,
 And bath'd in its own Blood,
 While all expos'd to Wrath divine,
 The glorious Suff'rer stood.)

- 3 Was it for Crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the Tree?
Amazing Pity ! Grace unknown !
And Love beyond Degree !
- 4 Well might the Sun in Darkneſs hide,
And ſhut his Glories in ;
When God the mighty Saviour dy'd
For Man the Creature's Sin.
- 5 Thus may I view with awful Gaze
My Sav'our's Wounds and Tears ;
Difſolve my Heart in Thankfulneſs,
While his dear Croſs appears.
- 6 But, O dear Lamb ! I ne'er can pay
The Debt of Love I owe ;
Thy Love, and Mercy, do each Day
Engage my Thoughts below.

VIII.

- 1 WELL the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
To ſprinkle o'er the flaming Throne
With his atoning Blood.
- 2 No fiery Vengeance now,
No burning Wrath comes down :
If Juſtice calls for Sinner's Blood,
The Sav'our ſhews his own.
- 3 Before his Father's Eye
Our humble Suit he moves ;
The Father lays his Thunder by
And looks, and ſmiles, and Loves.
- 4 Now may our joyful Tongues
Our Maker's Honours ſing ;
As the Prieſt, receives our Songs,
And bears 'em to the King.

- 5 We bow before his Face,
And sound his Glories high,
Hosanna to the God of Grace
That lays his Thunders by.
- 6 "On Earth thy Mercy reigns
"And triumphs all above:"
But, Lord how weak are mortal Strains
To sing immortal Love

IX.

- 1 PLUNG'D in a Gulph of dark Despair
We wretched Sinners lay,
Without one chearful Beam of hope,
Or spark the glimmering Day.
- 2 With pitying Eyes the Prince of Grace,
Beheld our helpless Grief;
He saw, and (O amazing Love!)
He ran to our Relief.
- 3 Down from the shining Seats above
With joyful Haste he fled,
Enter'd the Grave in Mortal Flesh
And dwelt among the Dead.
- 4 He spoil'd the Pow'r of Darknes thus,
And broke our Iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive Souls
From everlasting Pains.
- In vain the baffled Prince of Hell,
His cursed Projects tries
We that were doom'd his endless Slaves
Shall rise above the Skies.
- 6 Oh! for this Love let Rocks and Hills
Their lasting Silence break,
And all harmonious human Tongues
The Sav'our's Praises speak.

- 7 Angels assist our mighty Joys,
 Strike all your Harps of Gold ;
 But when you raise your highest Notes,
 His Love can ne'er be told.

X.

- 1 **THUS** faith the Ruler of the Skies,
 Awake my dreadful Sword ;
 Awake my Wrath and smite the Man
 My Fellow, faith the Lord.
- 2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread Command,
 And armed down she flies
 Jesus submits t' his Father's Hand,
 And bows his Head and dies.
- 3 But oh ! the Wisdom and the Grace
 That join'd with vengeance now !
 He dies, to save our guilty Race,
 And yet he rises too.
- 4 A Person so divine was he
 Who yielded to be slain,
 That he could give his Life away,
 And take it up again.
- 5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,
 Let every Nation sing,
 And Angels sound, with endless joys
 The Saviour and the King.

XI.

- 1 **COME** all harmonious Tongues,
 Your noblest Music bring
 'Tis *Christ* the everlasting God,
 And *Christ* the Man, we sing.

Tell how he took our Flesh,
 To take away our Guilt ;
 Sing the dear Drops of sacred Blood
 That hellish Monsters spilt.

3 Alas ! the cruel Spear
 Went deep into his Side,
 And the rich Flood of purple Gore
 Their murd'rous Weapons dy'd.

4 The Waves of swelling Grief
 Did o'er his Bosom roll,
 And Mountains of Almighty Wrath
 Lay heavy on his Soul.

5 Down to the shades of Death
 He bow'd his awful Head ;
 Yet he arose to live and reign
 When Death itself is dead.

6 No more the bloody Spear,
 The Crofs and Nails no more ;
 For Hell itself shakes at his Name ;
 And all the Heav'ns adore.

7 There the Redeemer sits
 High on his Father's Throne ;
 The Father lays his Vengeance by,
 And smiles upon his Son.

8 There his full Glories shine
 With uncreated Rays,
 To bless his saints and Angels Eyes
 To everlasting Days.

XII.

1 AS Isr'el did in antient Day,
 Their Hands upon the Scape-Goat lay,

Confessing all their Sins thereon,
Who bore them to a Land unknown.

- 2 So we confess on *Jesu's Head*,
Our Sins, were by the Father laid,
And God the just and faithful one,
Hath told us he remember's none.

XIII.

- 1 OUR Spirits join t' adore the Lamb;
Oh, that our feeble Lips could move
In Strains Immortal as his Name,
And melting as his dying Love.
- 2 Was ever equal Pity found?
The Prince of Heav'n resigns his Breath,
And pours his Life out on the Ground,
To Ransom guilty Worms from Death.
- 3 Rebels; we broke our Maker's Laws,
He from the Threat'nings sets us free,
Bore the full vengeance on the Cross,
And nail'd the Curses to the Tree.
- 4 The Law proclaims no terror now,
And *Sinai's* Thunder roars no more:
From all his Wound new Blessings flow,
A Sea of Joy without a Shore.
- 5 Here we have wash'd our deepest Stains,
And heal'd our Wounds with heav'nly Blood:
Bless'd Fountain! springing from the Veins,
Of *Jesus*, our incarnate God.

XIV.

- 1 SINNERS who see you are undone,
Unto the bleeding Saviour run,
Who on the Cross did bleed and die,
That Sinners he might justify.

- 2 'Twas there the shameful Death he dy'd
That Sinners might be sanctify'd,
And there he shed his precious Blood,
To bring us Sinners nigh to God.
- 3 'Twas there he made an end of Sin
And perfect Right'ousness brought in,
There for us conquer'd Death and Hell,
Tho' you against him did rebel,
- 4 And when he bow'd his right'ous Head,
His Father's Work he finished,
Sinners believe and you shall know
All this, the Lamb for you did do.

XV.

- 1 BEHOLD dear Lamb thy Children here
We loving one another dear,
Are met to talk about that Love,
That brought thee down from realms above.
- 2 Thy Blood, O Sav'our is our Theme,
We gladly sing the Bloody Stream,
Which flow'd from thee to make us clean,
And wash away each spot of Sin.
- 3 All things are Dung before our Eyes,
But thee O Glorious Sacrifice!
Of nought we'll boast but only say,
The LAMB has took our Sins away.
- 4 We'll glory, Lord, in this alone,
We'll sing thy Blood did full atone,
We'll sing of that again, again,
Thy Blood we'll sing, *Amen! Amen!*

XVI.

WHAT Trumpets this that sounds,
Such glorious Liberty,

To Sinners through the Blood of Christ :
It sounds Freedom to me.

- 2 Jesus dy'd to redeem
Poor Sinners, and set free,
The worst of Traitors by his Blood,
And then he dy'd for me.
- 3 Christ dy'd to bring to God,
Such that at Distance be,
The Just for the Unjust did die ;
And then he dy'd for me.
- 4 The Gospel preaches Christ
To such that Sinners be,
Yea free Redemption by his Blood ;
Redemption free for me.
- 5 God did commend his Love
To such that Sinners be
Yea, Christ for the Ungodly dy'd ;
And then he dy'd for me.
- 6 Christ dy'd for none but such,
'Gainst God that Rebels be,
And Peace by Blood for Sinners made ;
Then Peace was made for me.
- 7 There's Right'ousness in Christ
Most infinitely free,
For needy Sinners it was wrought,
Then it was wrought for me.
- 8 And in this Right'ousness,
Sinners Angels out-shine,
It covers all their foulest Spots,
It therefore covers mine.

XVII

- 1 O Glorious News ! the Gospel saith,
That Man is justify'd by Faith,
That Sinners now are sav'd alone,
By what the Lord of Life hath done.
- 2 This Messuage he would have made known,
That he has sav'd Mankind alone,
That he alone the Wine Press trod,
And reconciled us to God.
- 3 This then becomes the Gospel call,
This is to be declar'd to all.
That ev'ry Sinner now may come,
To him that bore the Sinner's Doom.
- 4 The Fountain's open, Sinners vile,
Come wash, and be the Saviour's Spoil,
You need but this great Truth believe,
For Sinners chief, Christ doth receive.
- 5 No Pool or River like to this,
It cleanses from each Things amiss,
From Sins that are of deepest Dye
From ev'ry sinful Leprosy.
- 6 What Heart with Lust and Pride doth burn
And will but to the Saviour turn,
Shall find in *Jesu's* sacred Blood,
A Conscience eas'd and all things good.
- 7 Whoe'er from him has turn'd aside,
In Reasonings Path is wander'd wide,
Here each backsliding Soul may find,
A Rest for their distressed Mind.
- 8 Hear Young and Old, and Rich and Poor,
May find in Jesus, endless Store,
May find in him their Sins forgiv'n
And here foretaste the Joys of Heav'n.

- 9 Who foolishly will then delay?
 Who after other Things will stray?
 All should submit to this alone,
 And *Jesus Christ* their Sav'our own.
- 10 O Lamb, of this we'll sing and say,
 Thy Blood has wash'd our Sins away,
 O Lamb we'll sing of thy Renown
 That thou art worthy, thou alone.

XVIII.

- 1 COME Sinners join with us to praise,
 The Lamb that once did die,
 And shed his Blood that Sinners might
 Have everlasting Joy.
- 2 The News is good, the Matter true,
 However strange the Sound,
 To ransom Man from Hell and Woe,
 God hath a Ransom found.
- 3 On one that mighty was to save,
 The Lord our Help did lay,
 Charg'd all our Sins upon his Son,
 Who bore them all away.
- 4 So that God's just and holy Law,
 Can nought of us demand,
 Its Curses all did meet on Christ,
 Who did our Surety stand.
- 5 No; tho' we Sin, the Law can't curse,
 Its Curses all did lie,
 Upon our bleeding Lord, when he
 Our Sacrifice did die.
- 6 Satan, the Enemy of Souls,
 Can nought against us bring,

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 Its Curses all did lie,
 Upon our bleeding Lord, when he
 Our Sacrifice did die.
- 6 Satan, the Enemy of Souls,
 Can nought against us bring,

By Faith in Christ we can of his
Eternal Judgment sing.

- 7 Tho' he may tempt, and oft oppress
Our precious Souls in vain,
This is our Confidence, our Joy
The Lamb, the Lamb is slain.

XIX.

1. Cor. 1. 22.

- 1 *CHRIST* Crucify'd we freely preach,
Nor other Doctrine dare we teach
To Great and Small within the Call,
This Truth we now declare to all.
- 2 That God, who is a God of Love,
Has given Jesus from above,
And in his Name Salvation we
Do preach to all, both bond and free.
- 3 As for the Jewish Tribes we own,
This Truth is still a stumbling Stone,
Nor will this Word suffice the Greek,
Who other Pow'r and Wisdom seek.
- 4 Yet, to the Call'd and Sanctify'd
By Truth itself and nought beside,
They'll gladly own this present Hour,
Christ is God's Wisdom and his Pow'r.
- 5 Elect they are and chosen too
In Christ, in whom they stand anew,
And now they sing how Jesu's Blood
Has made them Sons and Heirs of God.
- 6 O ! how shall we commend the Grace,
Thus beaming forth in Jesu's Face,
Here is such Pow'r and Wisdom too,
As this World's Wisdom never knew.

XX.

*Election and Reprobation in the Typical meaning of
Jacob and Esau.*

- 1 BEHOLD a Myſt'ry here moſt great,
Which God to Sinners doth relate,
That he, who is a God of Love,
Should one Man hate and one approve.
- 2 *Esau*, a hairy Man brought forth,
Of him God ſays, thou'rt nothing worth,
Altho', by Birth thou art the Heir,
My Bleſſing thou ſhalt never ſhare.
- 3 But *Jacob*, who is ſmooth and plain,
Who in appearance is but mean,
He ſhall the Bleſſing have of me,
And in him thou ſhalt bleſſed be.
- 4 What may we learn from both of theſe
Enough to make our Hearts at Eaſe,
The firſt is *Adam*, like a Beaſt,
The ſecond *Chriſt*, in whom we're bleſt.
- 5 The firſt his Birth-right he did ſell,
And ſtraight became an Heir of Hell,
And like a Beaſt did he appear,
As *Esau* born all over Hair.
- 6 An object then of Wrath he's made,
And hatred to remove 'tis ſaid,
A ſecond Son to us is born,
Who now were left undone, forlorn.
- 7 As *Jacob's* Mother to him ſaid,
So *Jeſu's* Love did him perſuade,
To take our Garment, wrap him in,
And cover with our beaſtly Skin.

- 8 Then to his Father doth appear,
The second Son, and saith, lo here,
Thy very first-born Son indeed,
Arise my Father now and feed.
- 9 Thou did'st require some sav'ry Meat,
Here I have brought thee such to eat,
Upon which now thy Soul may feed,
It's perfect Right'ousness indeed.
- 10 The Father then his Meat doth taste,
And says in thee I am well pleas'd,
Thou art my Fellow I can tell,
Tho' I the Sinner feel and smell.
- 11 To thee my Blessing I will give,
In thee thy Brethren all shall live,
Lord o'er them also thou shalt be,
And all shall serve and worship thee.
- 12 And then the First-born came with speed,
And said my Father rise and feed
Upon the Meat that I have brought,
For which I long have toil'd and wrought.
- 13 But this the Father doth reject,
And points to Him his own Elect,
And says thy Brother came to me,
And he is blest, and blest shall be.
- 14 Then does he weep with bitter Cries,
And to his Father straight replies,
He *Jacob* rightly main'd must be.
For twice he has supplanted me.
- 15 O hast thou but one Blessing got,
Bless me my Father canst thou not?
Be still, my Son, have Peace, and hear,
In him thou shalt a Blessing share.
- 16 Thus may we weep, and mourn, and cry
(*And we wept most bitterly*)

And ne'er be heard because 'tis true,
The way of Works will never do.

17 The Purpose of our God shall stand
In his Elect, in Jesu's Hand,
That it mayn't be by Works at all,
But him who freely doth us call.

18 Thus those in *Adam* quite reject
In *Jesus Christ* are dear Elect.
All Adam's seed are under Sin,
All Christ's are chose, and free in him.

XXL.

1 COME let us declare,
The Mercy we share,
What *Jesus* has shewn,
What Things by believing to us is made known.

2 We once far from God,
In Sin, and in Blood,
In Misery lay :
But Jesu's Compassion was moved straightway.

3 Tho' Strangers and Foes,
Which did him oppose ;
His Heart full of Love,
Did cause him to seek us, and come from above.

4 And when he came here,
His *Word* doth declare,
The Treatment he met, [Threat
Were Mocks, Blows, and Scourges, and each evil

5 But he lov'd us so,
He this would go thro',
Submitting to all, [fall
That so Wrath and Judgment on his Head might

6 Tho' Sin he knew none,
Nor committed one,

Yet Sin he was made,
That no Sin or evil might make us afraid.

7 Upon the curs'd Tree,
On *Mount Calvary*,
My Sav'our there hung, [my Song.
Whose Death, Stripes, and Bleeding, I now make

XXII.

IN ev'ry Place, dear LAMB ;
Where we may be allow'd,
Will we be speaking of thy Name,
And talking of thy Blood

For Oh ! how sweetly sounds
Thy Blood, thy Name, thy Cross !
Thy Passion, Suff'rings, Cries, and Wounds,
For all belong to us.

O LAMB ! thy sinless Blood,
Our wounded Hearts doth heal,
Thy Cross hath brought us nigh to God,
Thy Name our Bliss doth seal.

Thy Passion did appease,
The Wrath of Hostile Heav'n,
Thy Suff'rings do our Conscience ease,
Do shew our Guilt forgiv'n.

Thy Cries our Peace obtain'd,
And in thy Wounds, (the Pools)
We, who with Crimson Guilt were stain'd,
Wash white our weary Souls.

Thy Death our Life has brought,
Thy Tomb hid all our Sin ;
For with thy Flesh our ev'ry Fault,
And Curse, and Death went in.

- 7 Thy rising from the Dead,
Us justify'd to God ;
And by ascending thou hast made,
Thy Heav'n our sure abode.

XXIII.

- 1 SALVATION ! oh, the joyful Sound ;
'Tis Pleasure to our Ears,
A sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,
A Cordial for our Fears.
- 2 Bury'd in Sorrow and in Sin,
At Hell's dark Door we lay ;
But we arise, by Grace divine,
To see a heav'nly Day.
- 3 Salvation ! Let the Echo fly
The spacious Earth around,
While all the Armies of the Sky
Unite to raise the Sound.

XXIV.

- 1 DOWN headlong from the native Skies,
The Rebel-Angels fell,
And Thunder Bolts of flaming Wrath,
Pursu'd them deep to Hell,
- 2 Down from the Top of earthly Bliss
Rebellious Man was hurl'd ;
But Jesus stoop'd beneath the Grave,
To reach a sinking World.
- 3 Oh ! Love of infinite Degrees,
Unmeasurable Grace !
Must heav'n's beloved Darling die,
To save a trait'rous Race.
- 4 Must Angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless Fire

Yet Sin he was made,
That no Sin or evil might make us afraid.

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To reach a sinking World.
- 3 Oh ! Love of infinite Degrees,
Unmeasurable Grace !
Must heav'n's beloved Darling die,
To save a trait'rous Race.
- 4 Must Angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless Fire

While God forsakes his shining Throne,
To raise us Wretches high'r.

- 5 Oh ! for this Love, let Earth and Skies,
With *Hallelujah's* ring ;
And the full Choir of human Tongues,
All Hallelujah's sing.

XXV.

- 1 SITTING around our Father's Board,
We raise our tuneful Breath,
Our Faith beholds her dying Lord,
And dooms our Sins to Death.
- 2 We see the Blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our Pardons rise ;
The Sinner views th' Atonement made,
And loves the Sacrifice.
- 3 Thy Cruel Thorns, thy shameful Cross,
Procure us heav'nly Crowns ;
Our highest gain springs from thy Loss ;
Our Healing from thy Wounds.
- 4 O 'tis impossible that we
Who dwell in feeble Clay
Should equal Suff'rings bear for thee,
Or equal Thanks repay.

XXVI.

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- 1 IN all my Troubles sharp and strong,
My Soul to Jesus flies ;
My Anchor-hold is firm in *Him*,
When swelling Billows rise.
- 2 His Love doth bear my Spirits up,
I trust a faithful God ;
The sure Foundation of my Hope,
Is Jesus Christ my Lord.

- 3 His Word and Oath is my support,
On which I do depend ;
When Death shall cut my Body down,
He'll stand my faithful Friend.
- 4 No change is in the Heart of God,
His Love is ever sure ;
His own he surely will protect,
When *Time* shall be no more.
- 5 Loud *Hallelujahs* sing my Soul,
To thy Redeemer's Name ,
In Joy or Sorrow, Life or Death,
His Love is still the same.

XXVII.

- 1 SING, O my Spirit sing
Thy Lord's redeeming Love,
And let the Congregation join,
And all his Mercies prove.
 - 2 Ho ! ev'ry one that thirsts,
Come to the Fountain, come
Freely partake of Milk and Wine,
And priceless bear them Home.
 - 3 Ye who are hungry, come,
For Sinners Christ is giv'n ;
Take, eat his Flesh, and drink his Blood,
And taste the Fruit of Heav'n.
 - 4 Come to your Sav'our's Cross,
No more in Egypt stay.
The Lamb, the Victim slain thereon,
Takes all your Sins away.
- And all who hear his Voice,
Shall full Redemption know,
Within their Breasts, in ceaseless streams,
The Well of Life shall flow.

- 6 The Spirit and the Bride
 Invite your Souls to Peace ;
 Come ev'ry Sinner, hear the Call,
 And share Jehovah's Grace.

XXVIII.

- 1 WHO can have greater Cause to sing ?
 Who greater Cause to bless ?
 Than those who know the joyful Sound,
 And Zion's King possess.
- 2 We late were Satan's Captives led,
 And Hell had been our End,
 Hadst thou not for our Pardon bled,
 Thou Sinner's only Friend.
- 3 For this we ne'er will hold our Tongue,
 Nor shall our Praises cease,
 We evermore will sing that Song,
The Lord's our Right'ousness.
- 4 'Twas thou, 'twas only thou didst take
 The Mediator's Place,
 When we the Father's Statutes break,
 All hail, thou Prince of Peace.
- 5 No Law, nor Sin, nor Hell, nor Death,
 Shall us from thee divide ;
 Strongly we hold that precious Faith,
 For us our Sav'our dy'd.

XXIX.

- 1 I fix my resolutions now,
 I now determin'd am,
 Christ crucify'd alone to know,
 That dear despis'd Lamb.
- 2 I will not longer be deceiv'd,
 To all I'll stop mine Ears ;

But what is of the Lamb believ'd
His Blood, Death, Wounds and Tears,

- 3 Tell me of this my *Friends*, and say
How much of this ye prove ;
I'll hearken then, (tho' all the Day)
I'll join to blefs his Love.
- 4 'Tis *Jesu's* Right'ousness and Death,
When that we make our Theme,
Will edify us in the Faith
Of his eternal Name.
- 5 This Deep, this Ocean shall employ
My Thoughts, my Ears, my Tongue,
'Till in the Realms of purest Joy,
I make it all my Song.

XXX.

- 1 WHEN all thy Mercies, O my God !
My happy Soul surveys ;
Transported with the view I'm lost
In Wonder, Love and Praise.
- 2 O how can Words with equal Warmth,
Or Tongue of Man e'er tell
The Fullness of thy boundless Love,
That sav'd my Soul from Hell.
- 3 Thro' ev'ry Circumstance of Life,
Thy Love to me I'll view !
And after Death in distant Worlds,
The glorious Theme renew.
- 4 When Nature fails, and Day and Night
Divide thy Works no more,
My Soul shall praise thy sacred Name,
Thy Mercy I'll adore.

- 5 Thro' all Eternity to thee
 A joyful Song I'll raise ;
 There's none below, nor none above,
 Thy Name enough can praise.

XXXI.

Psalm, 113.

- 1 **THOU** whom my Soul admires above,
 All earthly Joy and earthly love :
 My dearest Shepherd lets me know
 Where living Pastures sweetly grow.
- 2 I prove the shadow of that Rock ;
 That from the Sun defends thy Flock ;
 And now I feed among thy Sheep,
 Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Thy Bride no more appears like one,
 That turns aside to paths unknown,
 Her constant feet shall never rove,
 Shall never seek another Love.
- 4 The footsteps of thy Flock I see,
 The sweetest Pastures here they be,
 A wond'rous Feast thy love prepares,
 Bought with thy Wounds, and Groans, and Tears,
- 5 Thy dearest Flesh becomes my Food,
 Thou bids me drink thy richest Blood,
 Here to these Hills my Soul is come,
 'Till my Beloved leads me Home.

XXXII.

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- 1 **LAMB**, Lamb, O Lamb my Sacrifice !
 My Heart delights to worship thee,
 Since by thy Word of Truth I know,
 Thou wast made Man to die for me.
- 2 Thou Lamb hast broke the Chains of Sin,
 Captive hast led Captivity,

And Satan now must trembling own,
I'm thine because thou dy'dst for me.

3 From Sin, and Fear, from Guilt and Shame,
 My dearest Sav'our keeps me free ;
 O! none can think the tender Care
 Of that dear Lamb who dy'd for me.

4 Now when my Sins appear, and I
 My Heart in its worst Light I see,
 I'll own it's true and thank the Lamb
 That would vouchsafe to die for me.

5 Whether the World goes right or wrong,
 Whate'er my Circumstances be,
 My Christ to me is still the same,
 Who liv'd and dy'd for sinful me.

6 When to the Gates of Death I come,
 This shall alone my Passport be ;
 My Christ has took away my Sin,
 When on the Cross he dy'd for me.

7 Can any find that Sin or Blame,
 Or Debt from which I am not free ?
 No, there's not one, for all was paid
 And finish'd when he dy'd for me.

8 This Truth I know can never fail,
 Tho' Heav'n and Earth away shall flee ;
 It stands secure upon his Word
 And Oath, that he has dy'd for me.

9 What Love is this my Lord and God,
 I yield my Heart alone to thee ;
 It is but right that I should live
 To thee, since thou hast dy'd for me.

XXXIII.

REJOICE my Soul lift up thy Head,
 No longer mourn but learn to sing ;

Sing Songs to him who for thee bled,
Thy crucify'd exalted King.

- 2 Jesus the mighty God came down,
The God whom all the Heav'ns adore,
Forsook the Glories of his Throne,
Was vail'd in Flesh became most poor.
- 3 And in that flesh he suffer'd all
That Justice could demand on thee ;
My heavy Woes on him did fall,
He bore my Sin upon the Tree.
- 4 He dy'd but soon he rose again,
He rose my Soul to justify,
And now he does for ever reign
In Glory bright above the Sky.
- 5 He's gone before for to prepare
A Place for all that do him love :
And soon he'll waft them thro' the Air,
To live and reign with him above,
- 6 The Saints shall then triumphant reign,
No Fiend shall ever them molest ;
A constant Peace they shall maintain,
A firm and everlasting rest.
- 7 How glorious bright is their abode !
It princely and majestic is,
They live, and reign, and walk with God,
High in the Climes of endless Bliss.
- 8 My Jesus they do loudly bless,
To him they every blessing bring,
Who is the Lord my Right'ousness ;
Now learn my Soul like them to sing.

XXXIV.

- 2 JESUS, my light and sure defence,
My life, my joy, my confidence,

'Thy bloody sweat my Cordial be,
'Thy Bonds procur'd my Liberty.

2 The strokes upon thy Back and Face,
My scars and marks of Sin erase;
Thy Shame, Reproach, and thorny Crown,
These be my glory and renown.

3 Thy parching Thirst and Cup of Gall,
Refresh me when I faint or fall;
Thy loud and agonizing cry,
My Passport be whene'er I die.

XXXV.

1 I sing my Sav'our's wond'rous Death;
He conquer'd when he fell:
'Tis finish'd, said his dying Breath,
And shook the Gates of Hell,

2 'Tis finish'd, our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful Work is done,
Hence shall his sov'reign Throne arise,
His Kingdom is begun,

3 His Cross a sure Foundation laid,
For Glory and Renown,
When thro' the Regions of the Dead
He pass'd to reach the Crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's Side,
Sits our victorious Lord;
To Heav'n and Hell his Hands divide
The Vengeance or Reward.

5 The Saints from his propitious Eye
Await their sev'ral Crowns,
And all the Sons of Darkness fly
The Terror of his frowns.

XXXVI.

- 1 I'LL envy not the Man, whose Barns
His Goods can scarce contain ;
Nor him, whose only Joy is Gold,
Whose only Hope is Gain.
- 2 Nor will I change my State with him,
Who banquets ev'ry Day,
Who knows no Want, nor Grief, nor Pain,
But sings his Time away.
- 3 Nor would I wish to have his Place,
Whom Mortals happy call ;
His Heav'n is here ; he soon must die,
Must die and leave it all.
- 4 The worldly Minds no Portion have,
But what they now possess ;
But, O free Grace ! beyond the Grave
Have I my Happiness.
- 5 A Sceptre of a sacred Palm,
Mine Hand shall shortly hold ;
My dearest Sav'our Christ the Lamb,
Will crown my Head with Gold.
- 6 A Kingdom ne'er to be remov'd,
Shall soon to me be giv'n ;
No matter what I want on Earth,
For I have got a Heav'n.

XXXVII.

- 1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of thee,
No Music like thy charming Name,
Is half so sweet to me !
'Tis in thy Word I hear thy Voice,
In Mercy to me speak ;
Then in my Priest will I receive,
My great Melchisedeck.

- 2 My Jesus shall be still my Theme,
 While in this World I stay,
 I'll sing my Jesu's lovely Name,
 When all Things else decay ;
 When I appear in yonder's Cloud,
 With all his favour'd Throng,
 Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
 And *Christ* shall be my Song.

XXXVIII.

- 1 CHRIST's resurrection from the dead
 Proclaims this Truth divinely said,
 Hear him in all things, him alone,
I'm pleas'd in my beloved Son.
- 2 Fruitless our toil, and vain our strife,
 T' obtain by *Works* eternal Life ;
 Here's the just God and Sav'our one,
Well pleas'd in his beloved Son.
- 3 Here the most guilty Man's restor'd,
 By the unchanging, right'ous Lord,
 Who laid our help on Christ alone,
And's pleas'd in his beloved Son.
- 3 Blessed are they, who him receive,
 Thrice blessed they, who in him live,
 And not by *Works* that they have done,
But pleas'd in God's beloved Son.
- 5 United in one Body, they,
 One Truth delights them ev'ry Day ;
 A Truth to carnal Minds unknown,
God's pleas'd in his beloved Son.

XXXIX.

- 1 THERE hangs the Sav'our of Mankind,
 His Visage marr'd, his Head reclin'd,

His bleeding Hands, his bleeding Feet,
Declare his Love divinely great.

2 His Flesh is bruise'd with Whips and Nails,
His strength decays, his Spirit fails,
His Side is pierc'd, his Heart is broke,
Our Sins upon himself he took.

3 Two Thieves expiring on each side,
Proclaim the Crimes for which they dy'd,
But what, dear Sav'our, hast thou done?
Thou died'st for Sin, but not thine own.

4 JESU, and didst thou bleed for *me*,
O Great---O boundless Mystery!
I bow my Head in deep Amaze,
And silently adore thy GRACE.

XL.

1 THOU heav'nly Friend,
On whom we depend
For every Good,
We bless and adore thee for shedding thy Blood.

2 We thank thee, O Lord,
For giving thy Word
Our Food for to cleanse,
And bless thee for ever, who hidest our Sins.

3 May every one,
While feeding thereon,
Remember thy Love,
And feed on the Manna that comes from above.

XLI.

1 DEAR Lamb who has fed
Our Bodies with Bread,
We thank thee, and praise
The Sav'our who careth for Sinners always.

2 We bow, at thy Name,
And thank thee, dear Lamb,
Who daily dost give
Such things as we're needing while here we do live;

3 Thy Flesh and thy Blood
Be daily our Food,
While here we abide,
O Lamb, may our Souls feed on nothing beside;

XLII.

1 JESUS, my Sav'our and my God,
Array'd in Majesty and Blood :
Thou art my Life, my Soul in thee
Enjoys a full Felicity.

2 All my immortal Hopes are laid
In thee my Surety, and my Head ;
Thy Cross, thy Cradle, and thy Throne,
Are big with Glories yet unknown.

3 Let *Atheists* scoff, and *Jews* blaspheme
Th' eternal Life, and *Jesu's* Name ;
A Word of his Almighty Breath,
Dooms the rebellious World to Death.

4 But let my Soul for ever lie
Beneath the Blessings of thine Eye ;
'Tis Heav'n on Earth, 'tis Heav'n above,
To see thy Face, to taste thy Love.

XLIII.

1 THO' Troubles assail,
And Dangers affright,
Tho' Friends should all fail,
And Foes all unite ;
Yet one Thing secures us,
Whate'er betide,

The Scriptures assures us,
The Lord will provide.

God's Truth doth us learn
 To trust for our Bread,
 The Birds without Barn
 Or Storehouse are fed :
 My Brethren what's fitting
 Shall ne'er be deny'd.
 Since we find it written,
The Lord will provide.

His call we obey,
 Like Abram of old,
 The Lamb is our Way,
 And Faith makes us bold ;
 Tho' here we are Strangers,
 We have a sure Guide,
 And trust in all Dangers,
The Lord will provide

We may like the Ships
 By Tempests be toss'd,
 On perilous Deepes,
 But cannot be lost ;
 Tho' Satan engages
 The Winds and the Tide,*
 The Promise engages,
The Lord will provide.

Tho' Satan appears
 To stop up our Path,
 We throw off all Fears,
 And triumph by Faith ;
 He cannot take from us,
 Tho' oft' he has try'd.
 The Heart-cheering Promise,
The Lord will provide.

The Doctrines, and persecuting Power of Antichrist.

6 Tho' Men us despise,
 Our *Hope's* not in vain,
 The mark for the Prize,
 We're sure to obtain ;
 For Christ's Resurrection
 (What ever betide,)
 Will Answer each Question,
The Lord will provide.

7 No Strength of our own,
 Nor Goodness we claim,
 Our Glory alone,
 Is in the Lamb's Name ;
 In this our strong Tow'r
 We safely do hide,
Jehovah's our Power,
The Lord will provide.

When Life sinks apace,
 And Death is in view,
 The *Word* of his Grace,
 Will comfort us through;
 Not fearing, nor doubting
 With Christ on our side,
 We hope to die shouting,
The Lord will provide.

XLIV.

1 LET others sing of Nymphs and Wine,
 I'll sing a Nobler Song ;
 My Theme shall be the Lamb Divine,
 Praises to him belong ;
 He kindly left his blisful State
 Of Glory, and came down,
 To raise me from a lest Estate,
 To wear a glor'ous Crown.

2 My Foes he spoil'd of all their Pow'r,
 And set the Captive free ;

He triumph'd in a dying Hour,
 And gain'd my Liberty ;
 Paid my full Ransom with his Blood,
 His Love it was so great ;
 And now I am brought nigh to God,
 Am in a happy State.

3 Am free from Law, Sin, Hell and Death,
 And made an Heir of Heav'n,
 I live on Christ a Life of Faith,
 And know I am forgiv'n ;
 And since my Sav'our dy'd for me,
 That I with him might reign,
 How can I choose but merry be,
 And sing the Lamb once slain.

4 The Lamb of God shall be my Theme,
 While I on Earth abide,
 I'll sing Salvation to his Name,
 Who for poor Sinners dy'd ;
 Come, all ye Children of his Love,
 Join with me in the Song,
 'Tis this shall swell our Notes above
 Eternity along.

XLV.

1 BLEST be the everlasting God,
 The Father of our Lord ;
 Beh is abounding Mercy prais'd,
 His Majesty ador'd.

2 When from the Dead he rais'd his Son,
 And call'd him to the Sky,
 He gave our Souls a lively Hope,
 That we should never die.

3 What tho' our fallen State require,
 Our Flesh to see the Dust ;

Yet as the Lord our Sav'our rose,
So all his Follow'rs must.

- 4 There's an Inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that Day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waste away.
- 5 We by the Pow'r of God are kept
Till our Salvation come ;
We walk by Faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home

XLVI.

- 1 YE Saints prepare a noble Song
In praise of your Redeemer's Name ;
Rise ev'ry Heart, wake ev'ry Tongue
Loudly to utter forth the same.
- 2 Shout, O ye Heav'n-born Sons of Light,
With all the Troops above conspire,
To praise that Wisdom, Love, and Might,
Which sav'd you from eternal Fire.
- 3 Which rent you from the Lion's Paws,
(In Which by Nature all Men are)
Which pluck'd you from the yawning Jaws
Of Hell, the Dungeon of Despair.
- 4 Children of Wrath, and Hell were we,
But now we're made the Heirs of Heav'n ;
Hosanna to our Jesus be,
By whom we're Ransom'd and forgiv'n.
- 5 Our Songs which here on Earth begun,
In Heav'n we louder will resound,
While Ages infinite roll on,
And we with Life and Glory Crown'd.
- 6 Eternity ! how vast it is !
Bright as the Sun we then shall shine

There we shall swim in Seas of Bliss
Being fill'd with Raptures all divine.

XLVII.

1 **J**EHOVAH, God, what Love is this !
That *Jesus* dy'd to bring in Bliss,
On *Calv'ry* he was seen,
There did the Lamb his Love display,
When he the Law's demands did pay,
And me from Hell redeem.

2 That I may more of this Love know,
I'll always to my Sav'our go,
And on his Word rely,
The Spirit there to me makes plain,
The Lamb for all my Sins was slain,
And me with Blood did buy.

3 My dearest Sav'our I'll keep near ;
His Bloody wounds to me are dear,
And what he underwent ;
This shall my Business always prove,
To glory in thy Death and Love,
'Till my last Breath is spent.

XLVIII.

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1 **T**HIS is the joyful News we have,
To a lost sinful World to tell,
The Lord, the mighty One to save,
Has rescu'd Sinners now from Hell,
From Wrath, from Sin, and Misery,
The Lamb by dying set us free.

2 This is the Message he'd have told,
This is the News that we proclaim,
In all things Christ the Head we hold,
And testify he is a Lamb ;

Most loving, full of Sympathy,
His Grace is all together free.

3 Only believe, and you'll possess
Such Joy, and Peace, and Liberty,
Which Tongue of Men can ne'er express;
So glorious, infinite, and free,
Your Right is here, the Father gave
His Son, that Sinners he might save.

4 The Work is done, 'tis done indeed,
'Twas finish'd when our Sav'our dy'd,
When he on *Calvary* did bleed,
In great Disgrace was crucify'd,
'Twas for our Sins he underwent,
That Pain, that Grief, that Chastisement.

5 Reason no more then, come away,
Believe and all your Sins forgiv'n,
Believe while it is call'd to day,
Only believe and yours is Heav'n,
'Tis not by working gain'd to you,
Only believe the Record true.

XLIX.

1 IN all my Trials still I see,
My Jesus loves poor sinful me !
This is my only Hope,
This bears me through a thousand Snares,
And in ten thousand Grievs and Fears,
This lifts me sweetly up.

2 But thanks to his eternal Name,
Who is my Lord, my God, and Lamb
I hold my Target firm ;
He is my Strength and strong I stand,
While underneath he lays his Hand,
His everlasting Arm.

I am assur'd he justifies,
 I know his Groans, and Tears, and Cries,
 Were heard, and that for me;
 Then who can hurt, or who condemn,
 A Soul so favour'd of the Lamb,
 A Soul so blest'd and free?

L.

Ezek. 48. 35, *Jehovah-Shammah.*

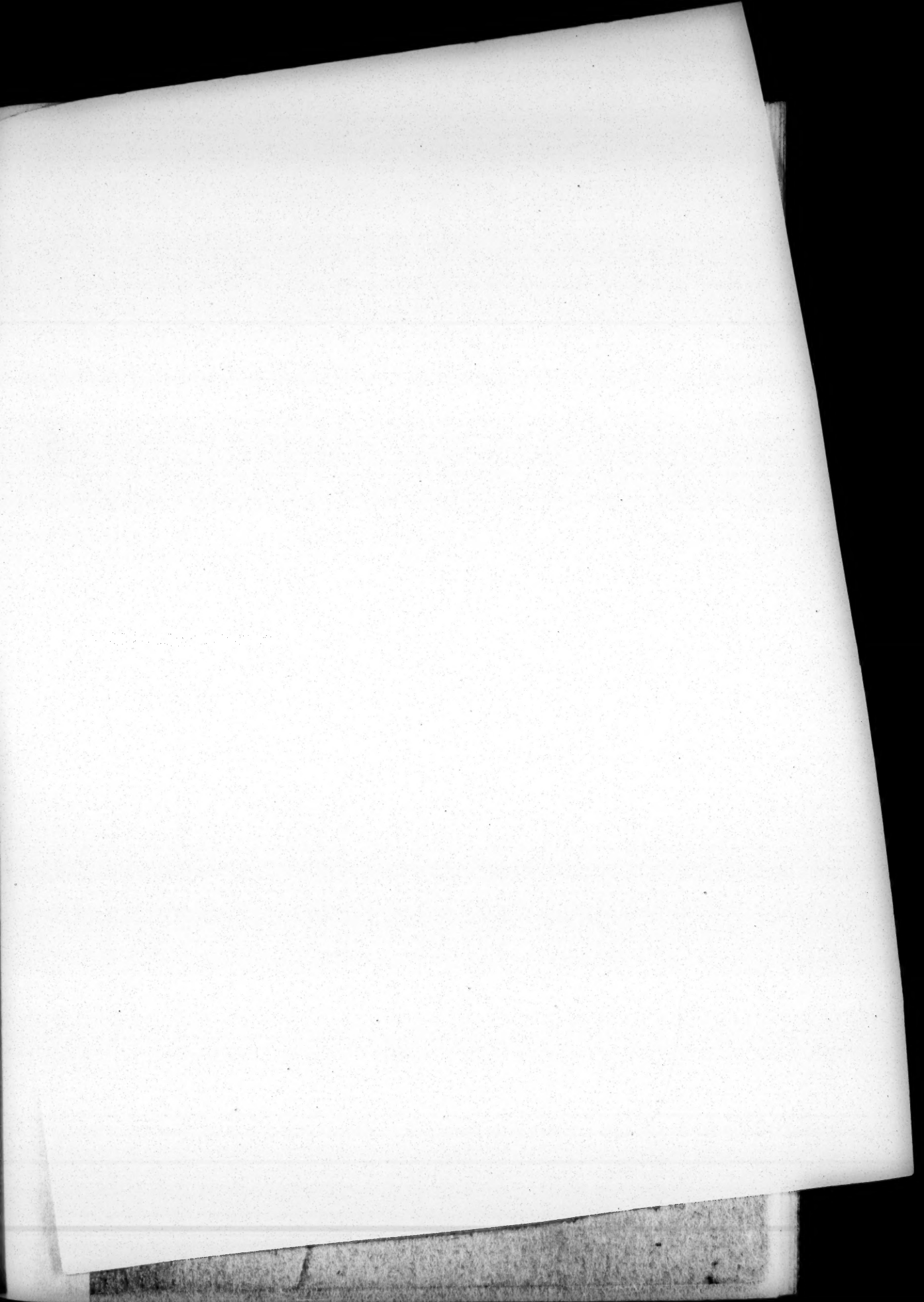
1 *JEHOVAH-Shammah* is the Name
 Of the fair City where we dwell;
 Held by the World in small esteem,
 And envy'd by the Hosts of Hell;
 In God's pure Eye she's clean and fair,
 Her Glory is, *the Lord is there.*

2 This City is the *Church of God*,
 Where he has said he'll ever be;
 Bought with the price of his dear Blood
 When he hung bleeding on the Tree;
 This City's his peculiar Care,
 Her Glory is, *the Lord is there.*

3 Founded upon a Rock she stands,
 And shall for ever Glorious be,
 (Built by the Lord and not with Hands,)
 Her Sons and Daughters all are free,
 The Gate of Hell can't them ensnare
 Their Glory is, *the Lord is there.*

THE END.





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